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STERLING
MAGAZINES

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FEBRUARY • 25¢

MAN'S ILLUSTRATED

WILL BAINBRIDGE—

*VENGEANCE RAIDER
OF THE
BARBARY COAST*

Exclusive—

THE TRUTH ABOUT
“SEX OFFENDERS”

THE FEUD THAT
SHOOK THE WORLD

The Story of the
Hatfields and McCoys



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HOW DO YOUR MUSCLE MEASUREMENTS COMPARE WITH MY "WEIDER — MR. UNIVERSE" WINNER?

Are your arms skinny, scrawny "pipestems," measuring only 11 to 13 inches? Is your chest flat and puny, measuring a mere 37 to 40 inches? What about your thighs? Do they measure a spindly 18 to 21 inches? If so, you're the man I want! Don't be discouraged! Look what I did for Jack Delinger! I added 4 inches to Delinger's arms . . . 9 big inches to his chest . . . a full 6 inches to his thighs . . . and a bodyweight gain of 60 pounds! WHAT I DID FOR HIM I CAN EASILY DO FOR YOU !!!

Here's your amazing FREE muscle-building offer. Yes, I'll send you this big 32-page introductory course ABSOLUTELY FREE! Let me prove to you — at my own expense — that I can do for you what I did for Jack Delinger and other champions! Rush me this coupon right away for your FREE MUSCLE BUILDING TRIAL OFFER. It's filled with training secrets, exercises, heroic pictures of mighty champions, and private advice on how you can become a muscle star fast! This sensational offer is good only for males between 13 and 65 who are in normal good health.

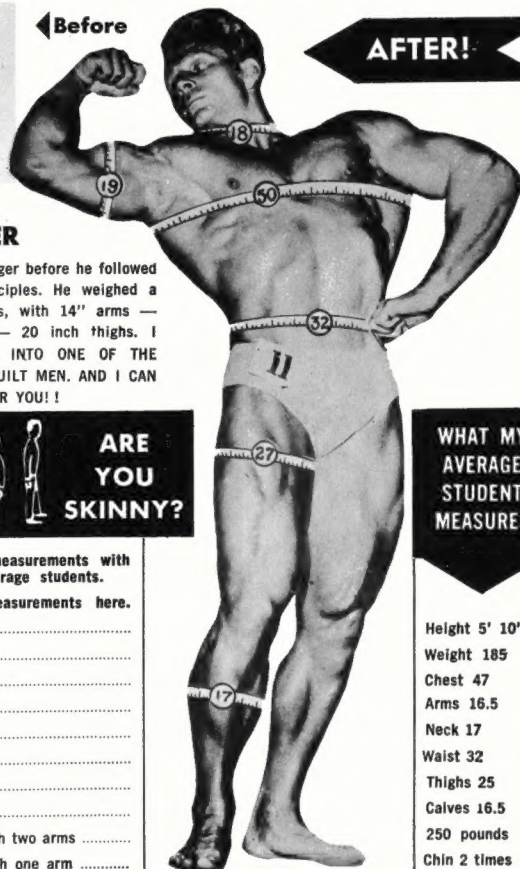


JACK DELINGER

Here's Jack Delinger before he followed my training principles. He weighed a mere 135 pounds, with 14" arms — 40 inch chest — 20 inch thighs. I DEVELOPED HIM INTO ONE OF THE WORLD'S BEST BUILT MEN. AND I CAN DO THE SAME FOR YOU!!

◀ Before

▶ AFTER!



ARE YOU FAT?



ARE YOU SKINNY?

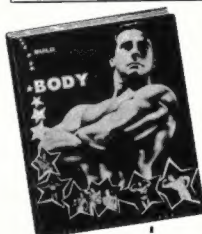
Compare your measurements with those of my average students.

Fill in your measurements here.

Height
Weight
Chest
Arms
Neck
Waist
Thighs
Calves
Lift overhead with two arms
Chin yourself with one arm
Floor Dips — no rest

WHAT MY AVERAGE STUDENT MEASURES

Height 5' 10"
Weight 185
Chest 47
Arms 16.5
Neck 17
Waist 32
Thighs 25
Calves 16.5
250 pounds
Chin 2 times
75 times no rest



A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to STRENGTH!

Make your first he-man decision today! Rush in your coupon NOW . . . while a supply of these free course offers are still available. You have nothing to lose but your weakness! Hurry! Offer subject to withdrawal in 30 days.

JOE WEIDER Dept. ST-26
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G. F. Beane, W. Virginia, was a truck driver before he took the DeVry Tech Training program. Beane is now a technical electronics sales representative.



Edward Hahn, Illinois, was a laborer; now an electronics project engineer with Televiso, Inc. DeVry Tech training helped him prepare for his present position.



Nick Barton, Illinois, came directly from high school to DeVry Tech. Now he has his own service shop and tells us he is "literally snowed under with work."



George D. Crouch, California, prior to taking DeVry Tech training, was a retail store clerk. Today he has a successful electronics service business of his own.

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2004

MAN'S ILLUSTRATED

FEBRUARY, 1958



exclusive

SEX OFFENDER—THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS

Thorp McClusky

14

It is no secret that since the end of World War II sex offenses of every type have increased with frightening rapidity. Today, a sex offender is reported every 10 minutes somewhere in the U.S. Local police and local courts are helpless in the face of these staggering statistics and vague laws governing sex offenses. On page 14, Thorp McClusky reveals the tragic story behind the man who is every town's public enemy number one.

—THE EDITOR

true
adventure

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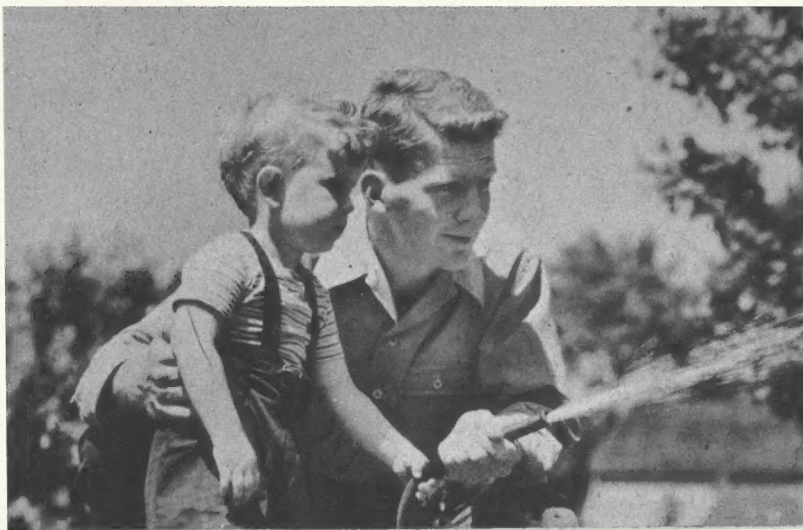
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A STERLING MAGAZINE

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This man is a "security risk"!

Age, 29. Married. Two children. High school education. Active in local lodge, church, veterans' organization. Employed by large manufacturing concern. Earns \$82 a week.

SOUNDS like an Average Joe. And he is. Too average! He's got a job. It pays fairly well. He's satisfied.

But here's the catch. With the right kind of training, this young

man could be stepping into better jobs. He could be making \$7-8000 a year. He could be cashing in on those spare-time hours he now wastes.

As it stands now, he's stuck in his job. Can't seem to make any headway. He's reluctant to try. So he just hangs on.

This man is a "Security Risk" to his wife and children.

His family probably will never enjoy the comforts, the prestige, the good living that could be theirs. If hard times come, they are almost sure to be hurt. For an Average Joe can't expect to compete with trained men when the chips are down.

A man like this would do well to start a planned program of self-improvement. In his spare time. In a field related to his interests and abilities. Right NOW!

One good way to start—a way proved by hundreds of thousands of once-Average Joes who are making good today—is to enroll for special training with a recognized correspondence school. One like I. C. S., the oldest and largest in the world.

Don't you be a "Security Risk." Mail the coupon for full, free details while there is still time.

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Occupation _____

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Unfaithful Husband" Confession Hits Home

"That guy who wrote 'Why I Am An Unfaithful Husband' (*Man's Illustrated*, December) is a poor excuse for a man. If I were him, and my wife pulled half the stunts his wife did, I would have kicked her out long ago. I don't feel any pity for him—he deserved everything he got. If he wore the pants in his family he wouldn't have to 'take it on the chin, turn the other cheek' and the rest of the things he did to try to please his wife. If he belted her once in a while, she'd probably appreciate him more. You'd be a bit surprised, but a wife needs to be pushed around once in a while."

C. B., Terre Haute, Indiana



"Imagine that guy's wife using 'sex as a bargaining agent.' If I were him and I wanted to have relations with my wife I'd have them—and that's that. All this nonsense about being tender and loving under these circumstances is for the birds."

A. W., Butte, Montana

"...wives are just like children: they push you around and wait and see how much you can take. My personal feeling is that they do this deliberately to see who is boss in the house. If you let them get away with it you're a dead duck. Stand up fellows and tell 'em who's boss."

G. R., Amarillo, Texas

"All the women have to do is sit around the house and find fault. Here's a jerky husband who knocks himself out to keep his jane happy and what does he get for it—a kick in the teeth. I showed your article to all my buddies who want me to get married, and all they did was hem and haw about his being an unusual case. Nuts! All women are the same, and I'm not climbing aboard that bandwagon of misery called marriage. Thanks for helping to save me."

F. P., St. Petersburg, Florida

SOLDIERING FOR MONEY

"Your article 'Soldier of Fortune' makes it sound like only bloodthirsty goons are welcome as adventurers. Why can't a soldier of fortune make his fast buck and at the same time do a little fighting for freedom and justice? Heaven knows there're plenty of countries just begging for these men. And after a guy finishes his job he can come home with a clean conscience. Do the dictators and strong-arm boys of Central and South America offer as much?"

B. D., Greeley, Colorado

"If a guy wants to be a modern soldier of fortune he ought to join up with the Cuban guerrilla leader Fidel Castro. He's fighting for freedom and that's the best kind of fight to jump into."

E. L., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"I've seen some of those 'modern soldiers of fortune.' You can roam around Cairo, Egypt any day and see lots of them; they're all ex-Gestapo and SS troopers working for Colonel Nasser. Anyone who wants to run with that crowd is welcome to it."

H. M., New York, N. Y.

CASABLANCA—MAN'S PARADISE

"That article 'City of Captive Slave Girls' (*Man's Illustrated*, December) reminded me of some wonderful times spent in Casablanca. I was stationed at a Air Force (SAC) base outside that city and had many a rip-roaring ball there. Let me tell you, no one can outdo the French for setting up a town like that—and it beats Paris hands down."

W. J., Tacoma, Washington

"I just returned from a buying trip to Morocco and while there I had a chance to visit Casablanca. Wanted you to know that prices are going up. You can't get away with a \$20 bill for an evening's entertainment any more. Some of the young GIs stationed nearby are spending their money like it's going out of style. Result is some inflation has set in. Even so, you can't beat it."

N. P., Portsmouth, Virginia

INVINCIBLE O'REILLY

"All I can say is that Ed O'Reilly in that story 'The Fighting Gringo' was one

hell of a newspaperman. He was sent out to get a story on the revolution and not get into it. What gets me is that he no sooner joined the rebels than they vote him commander. Even with his reputation as a fighter they had to have a lot of faith in him to do something like that. If I were one of the rebels I'd want the man to prove himself first."

L. O., Wichita, Kansas

"That's the first time I ever heard of one machine gun winning a battle. O'Reilly must have been a born genius to pull that stunt off or the Federales were the worst soldiers in the world. At any rate, the rebels were darn lucky things turned out the way they did."

T. R., Lansing, Michigan

NIFTY NORBO

"That doll Norbo (*Man's Illustrated*, December) is one of the best looking gals I've ever seen. Those judges in the Miss Universe contest really missed the boat when they voted her fourth. She's tops in my book."

M. F., Shreveport, Louisiana



"They don't build gals like that Norbo in the U.S. any more. We have to import them from Sweden—but that's all right with me."

K. T., Baltimore, Maryland

(We think that reader K. T. will change his mind about U.S. girls after he sees the photos of Diane Webber on page 24—THE EDITOR.)



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OUTDOORS

BOW-AND-ARROW FISHING is catching on like wildfire. Many sportsmen's clubs are pressing state conservation departments to set aside a special season for these "fishermen" . . . Big game hunters are moaning over the **LOSS OF GRIZZLY BEARS** in the U.S. One of the few big-game animals we have, the grizzly is quickly being liquidated. Some guides are proposing that the government step in and protect the animals for several years so they can make a comeback. Otherwise, they predict, the grizzly bear may go the way of the carrier pigeon . . . Veterinarians claim that the vitamins you've given your **DOG** has extended his life span. The life expectancy is now up to 12 years and some dogs are going to 18 . . .



FACTS-FACTS

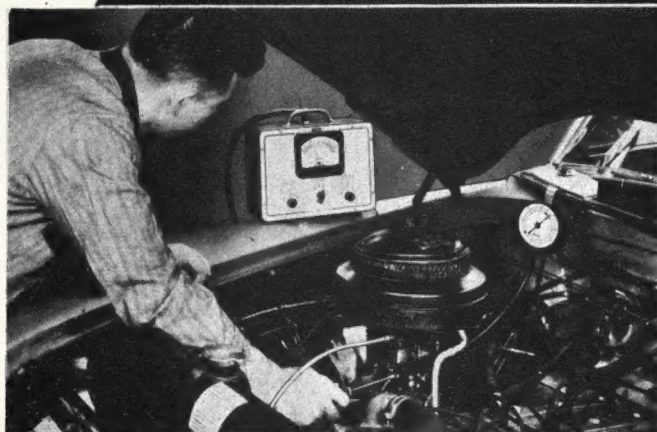
The St. Lawrence-Great Lakes system will be the **WORLD'S LONGEST INLAND WATERWAY** for deep-draft traffic—as long as the Mediterranean Sea—penetrating the center of North America for 2,300 miles . . . In 1800 it took nine men on the farm to produce food for themselves and one other person; today one farmer produces enough for himself and 17 other people . . . Use of **ALUMINUM IN AUTOMOBILES** has increased to an average of about 35 pounds per car . . . An average **THUNDERSTORM** releases 50 times the energy of the first atomic bomb . . . Three hundred **GALLONS** of jet fuel are required to taxi a current jet bomber from warm-up ramps to the end of a runway for a take-off, generally a distance of about 1½ miles . . . Electric shockers are used to "knock out" fish temporarily to permit stream populations counts . . .

HANDYMAN

Try this novel trick to prevent a partly empty can of paint from skinning up. Pour a few drops of **TURPENTINE** gently over the surface so that it floats on top, seal tightly and then put the can away without shaking it . . . Here's a tip on how to paint the **CEILING** in the average room without the use of ladders. Use a paint roller to which an extension handle has been attached. Extensions of this kind are available for all types of roller handles . . . When pouring small **CONCRETE** stepping stones or other forms, old wire coat-hangers can be used for reinforcing rods or wire mesh. Bend them to the desired shape and tie together with short pieces of wire. Pour in half the cement, lay the form on top, and then pour the rest of the cement over it . . . Paints will quickly crack and peel off **GALVANIZED METAL** unless you first treat the surface. Sponge on some ordinary vinegar and let stand for about an hour. Then rinse off with water and allow to dry completely before painting . . . Use an electric iron when you want to lift out one or two **ASPHALT TILES** from a finished floor without disturbing those adjacent to it. First lay a sheet of paper over the tiles you wish to remove to protect the iron. Then heat thoroughly till the tile becomes soft and can be easily pried up . . . ●

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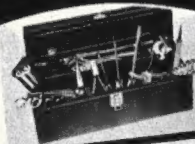
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Renegade!

by GENE CHANNING

They called him "That half
injun' who stinks like a savage."

And Simon Girty remembered
their taunts and swore "If I stink
like one—I'll kill like one!"

"GIRTY! If you've got any mercy in your heart—shoot me!" screamed the burning, faceless white man writhing at the stake. Below the pyre, the howling ring of 200 Wyandotte Indians, dancing to the torture of Col. William Crawford, suddenly lowered the frenzy of its collective voice. They stared at the long-faced man in buckskins lying in the grass behind them. Crawford's flesh blistered and shriveled under the touch of fire and his eyes rolled hideously and again he screamed, "Girty! For God's sake—kill me!"

"Sorry, Colonel," Simon Girty shook his head. "Ain't got a gun. Damned shame."

It was late in the afternoon of June 12, 1782 and, according to the legends woven (Please turn to page 64)

The Horns of HELL

"Stone!" Leggett yelled, "why don't you run? You ran before, Stone! Run, and I'll kill it for you!"

But I stood rooted there while the only man who knew my secret waited to see me die.



by **FRED R. STONE**

As told to Stan Smith

“THEY’LL wind us before they hit the top of the *kunai*,” Leggett said at the rift. “Which one do you want, Stone?”

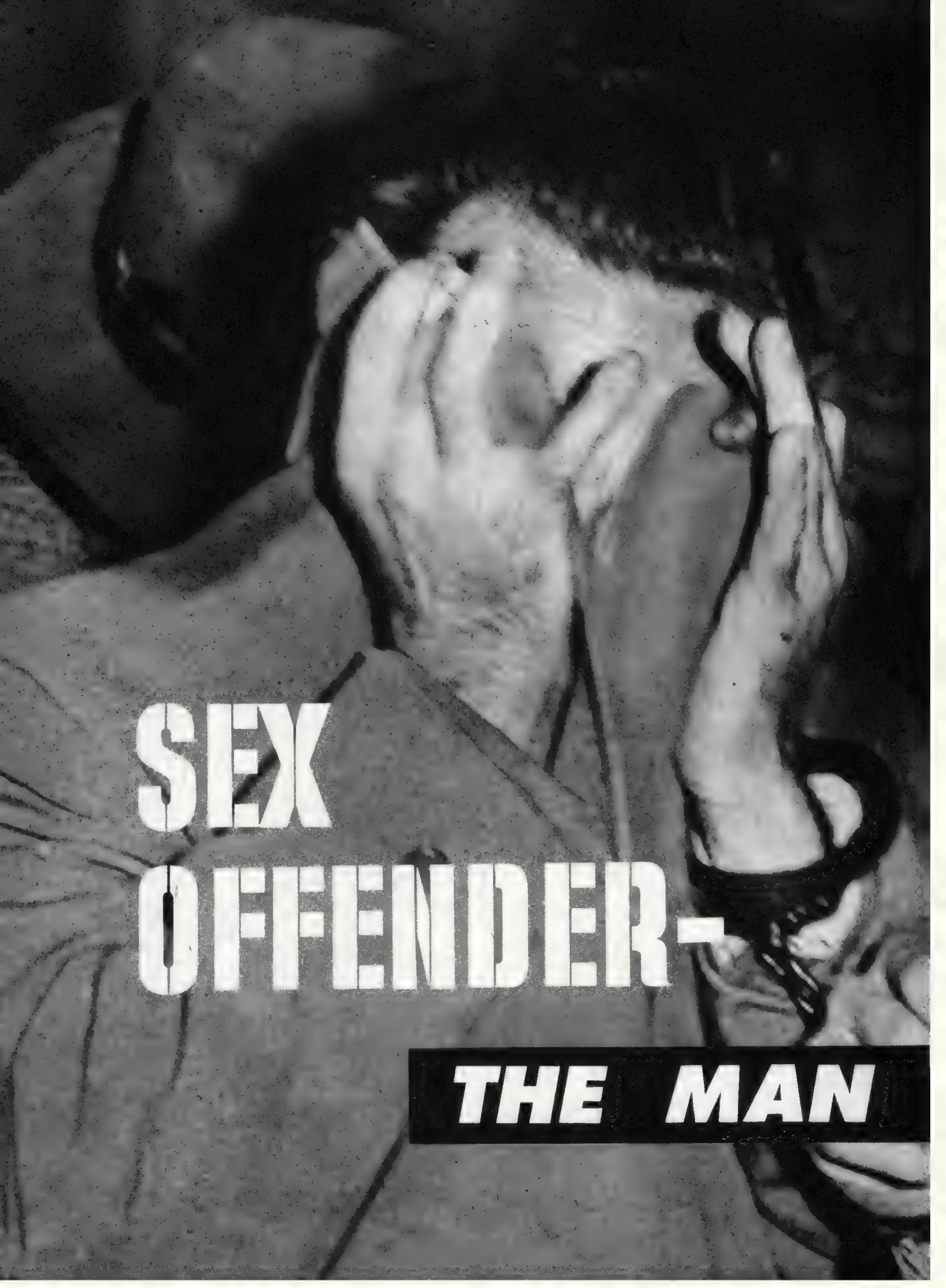
I wanted neither, but I said “both.” Leggett glanced sideways at me. I repeated “both!” The sun, a livid white, sat on the scrub of the rift, baking the red clay as it did me and my lamentable courage.

Kill a buff? I could barely hold the double .500 Jeffry, let alone squeeze the trigger. Yet in a crazy sort of way, I was willing to try and die, if necessary. I had to try, and Leggett knew this, too. Big, placid Leggett with the pipe and *terai*. Cool, inwardly contemptuous Leggett. Below us in the rift, two tons of buff (Please turn to page 40)



Jim Leggett. His face appeared in all my nightmares—superior and scornful. He was waiting for me to come back to the scene of my “crime.”





**SEX
OFFENDER-**

THE MAN

His shadow falls on every street, everywhere. He is most often guilty of "molesting," and one such crime is reported to the police every ten minutes of every day. Here is the tragic story behind the men the law can't control.

by THORP McCLUSKY

THE distraught mother, her little daughter Cathy, aged six, and a Lieutenant in charge of Detectives sat in the darkness beyond the glaring lights, watching a motley procession of men "taking the circle" one after the other and answering questions in the police lineup.

A wave of sex crimes was sweeping the city, and all the victims had been little girls. So far, there had been no rapes, rape-murders, vicious beatings or slashings. The crimes had all been of the type that are classified as "molestations." But that was no reason why the heretofore "mild" sex criminal might not commit a *catathymic* or explosively violent deed the next time. He had to be caught before that happened.

The entire community was panic-ridden. A hastily-formed adult group known as the Parent-Teachers Juvenile Protection Vigilantes was escorting children to and from school. Police cars were specially assigned to keep a watch on deserted lots, empty houses and other structures, and alleys that were used by the children as "short-cuts." Yet over a period of six weeks, nine molestations had occurred, most of them between the hours of 3:00 and 7:00 p.m.

The molester always followed the same pattern. He never approached a little girl when she was accompanied by anyone, or even when there was someone else in sight. He knew the city so well that the police

were almost certain he was a native. His method of operation was to lure the victims into secluded spots by offering them candy or money. What he did to them, nothing harmful *physically*, was too sordid and perverted to be described here.

The descriptions the girls gave of the molester were vague. The younger ones described him as "big and old," the older ones as smallish and fairly young. The composite picture was a man who might be anywhere between 18 and 30, slim, neatly dressed and quiet spoken. All the girls agreed that he had acted nervous and almost frightened. The older girls (the oldest was nine) noticed that he had "a funny look in his eyes."

Eight of the nine mothers flatly refused to allow their daughters to even confront a suspect, even though all were assured that the police, the newspapers, and the courts would cooperate in keeping secret the identities of the victims. "I couldn't stand the publicity, the shame! Someone's bound to find out," they had wailed.

But finally one mother agreed. Frankly, she was exceptional, and the detectives had told her so and praised her courage. "If we had more mothers like you," they said, "thousands of these sex criminals who go undetected each year would be apprehended and put where they would no longer be a menace."

The police had (Please turn to page 56)

NOBODY KNOWS

The BIG KILL





When Danish fishermen turn cowboy to herd killer whales into a trap, it's man against beast in a savage battle—and the seas are sure to turn red with blood.

THE arch enemy of all commercial fishermen is the killer whale. One of the few members of the whale family with teeth, this scourge of the deep hunts in schools of up to 1,000 animals and roams the ocean eating thousands of tons of fish.

The Danish fishermen of the Faeroe Islands earn their keep by hunting the killer whale. Here, in his own words, is one fisherman's story of such a hunt:

"One morning while I was relaxing a neighbor ran up to tell me that about 250 whales had been trapped off the bay near our town. A fisherman had sighted the school and fastened his shirt to the

MORE



As soon as dead whales are beached they are measured with special stick so that meat is divided fairly.



THE BIG KILL

mast of his boat, the age-old sign of an approaching herd. Immediately all work in town stopped. Everybody had harpoons and whale spears in their homes and all the boats were quickly manned. From all sides we approached the boat which first sighted the school. Forming a circle that remained open only toward the land, the lead boat took command. The men in the lead boat are experienced fishermen who are elected to their office of whale-hunt leaders for five years. The responsibility for the hunt is all theirs. Finally they gave the order. Instantly everyone began to shout and beat the water with their oars. We threw long white ropes with stones into the water in order to frighten the whales and push them toward shore. As the boats grew closer

the circle drew tighter. Suddenly, a bull found the only opening in the deadly ring and dashed toward shore. The whole school followed him. Trapping them like that the boats then plunged into the confused whales. Harpoons and spears shot into the black bodies of the tremendous animals. An indescribable panic seized the animals and soon the water was a froth of blood and foam. The men threw at their targets almost without aim, for there were whales everywhere. Finally, the remaining whales became exhausted and were pulled toward the boats by iron hooks. There, they were killed by a quick cut behind the head which severed the spinal cord. After a while the battle subsided and all the boats returned. We counted 268 dead killer whales on the beach. The next morning, after a night of celebration, everyone met on the beach to divide the spoils. We had enough meat and fat to last us until the next hunt."



Diagram of how fishermen trap whales. Forming semicircle they drive animals to shallow water where they kill them.

Dressing out dead whales must be complete in 5 to 6 hours and everybody takes part. Chunks of meat are sent to neighboring villages as a sign of friendship.



Stomach of whale is dried and tarred, then blown up and used as a buoy to keep fishing nets afloat.



Fisherman removes unborn calf from dead whale. Each year 10 to 15 herds are hunted by islanders.

U.S. HIGHWAY

BOURBON, BISTROS



HOT-SPOTS

AND WILLING WOMEN

U. S. 90

New Orleans,
Louisiana

From the French Quarter clear across to the other side of town, New Orleans is the home of juleps, jazz and joy—and the kind of torrid spirit that makes for a new sort of “southern hospitality.”

by JOE CHAMBERLAIN

“YOU get your kicks on Route 66,” went Johnny Mercer’s macadam rhapsody back in the pre World War II days. As songs go, 66 was a catchy little ditty and far be it from anyone to criticize it. But the unvarnished truth is that Mercer got off the blacktop a few highways short. He should’ve made it Route 90, and rhymed it with something sizzling.

Because that’s the road to New Orleans.

A man doesn’t need a Mardi Gras as an excuse to live it up in New Orleans. All he needs, really, is a chunk of time and an acceptable set of boudoir manners. What follows is an Arabian Nights-type whirligig—I know.

Recently, on the pretext of doing a week’s research for this article, I toiled into Route 90’s southernmost terminus, New Orleans, and I remained four weeks. Had it been up to me I’d have stayed for four years. That’s the brand of hospitality a journeyman reporter gets when he hits the land of milk and honey.

You’ll find it the same.

Rest? Hell! The only thing about me that got any rest was my car. Parked outside a spotless, six-dollars-per-day motel on the outskirts of the jazziest city in the western hemisphere, this reporter did most of his cruising in cabs. Or, at odd times, in several late model convertibles owned by the charming belles who, willingly and wittingly, contributed to the accurate researching of this new, New Orleans piece. In short, it’s not fiction.

Passion steeped, magnolia and

(Please turn to page 54)



They Were Reckless Mountain Boys...

by GARY LANE

"NOW what in tarnation are you-a-starin' at?" Floyd Hatfield demanded. His lifetime neighbor, Randolph McCoy, had just prodded his horse over to the other side of the pigpen, and was studying the drove. Old Randolph took his time about answering. Finally he wheeled his horse back to where Floyd Hatfield stood, spat to one side, and drawled, "Seems to me a man's got a right to look at his own hawks, no matter whose pen they's in."

The curses that followed have fortunately been lost to posterity, but the action that followed has been a favorite subject of stories and ballads for generations. Most of these are highly embroidered accounts, having little actual basis in fact—and the facts themselves are colorful enough.

"The Hatfields and McCoy's — they were- reckless mountain boys..." But they were family men too, always trying to get enough food for their large families out of the stubborn, wooded, mountain lands of West Virginia and Kentucky. Emigrants from Scotland and northern Ireland, their forefathers had settled in this isolated wilderness and for a long time they'd lived according to the feudal laws of clan life. Family honor was the closest thing to godliness and was readily defended with a gun.

According to the code of the hills, Floyd Hatfield (*Please turn to page 42*)



State trooper and detective, part of Kentucky posse, leave backwoods house after searching for members of feuding clans.



A portrait of part of Hatfield clan. Devil Anse, seated in center. His son, Cap (wearing shoulder holster), became ruthless killer.

Ambush, massacre and plain murder was the code of the bloodiest feud in American history. A couple of innocent hogs started the fuss—and before the Hatfield and McCoy families settled their differences, a couple of hundred men had to be killed.

DREAM GIRL





Whether the scene is a wooded glen or the seashore, Diane Webber always captures the fresh look photographers like.



WELL, fellows, here she is. The gal who all the photographers agree is the dream girl—Diane Webber. And after looking at these pictures there's no wonder in our minds why these people consider her so outstanding—she's perfect in all respects. There are some models who need special settings, unusual lighting and all sorts of gimmicks to bring out their beauty, but with Diane there's no need for these arrangements. No matter what props are used or the angle at which the picture is taken, Diane seems to capture the mood the photog-
MORE



DREAM GIRL

rapher is seeking and the results are always exceptional shots. As the photos on these pages show, whether the scene is seashore or wooded glen, portrait or action shot, the picture is always natural and fresh. That's why this rare beauty is the most sought-after model in the business.

Here are some of the statistics on Diane: She weighs 110 pounds, stands at 5'4" and stretches the tape measure to an eye-catching 38-24-35.

As for her personal life, Diane likes it free and easy. Although she was born in the glamour capital of the world, Hollywood, she has no intention or ambition of becoming an actress. "I like modeling," she says, "and hope to continue at it as long as the photographers will have me." Well, if these pictures mean anything, Diane should be in the business a long, long time. ●



Although she was born in Hollywood, Diane has no intention or ambition of becoming an actress. She likes modeling and hopes to continue at it for a long time.









Joe York and the River Rat

Hot pain raked my gut as something furry attached itself to my belly, head burrowing hard, teeth grinding in. And next to me, a man was dying.

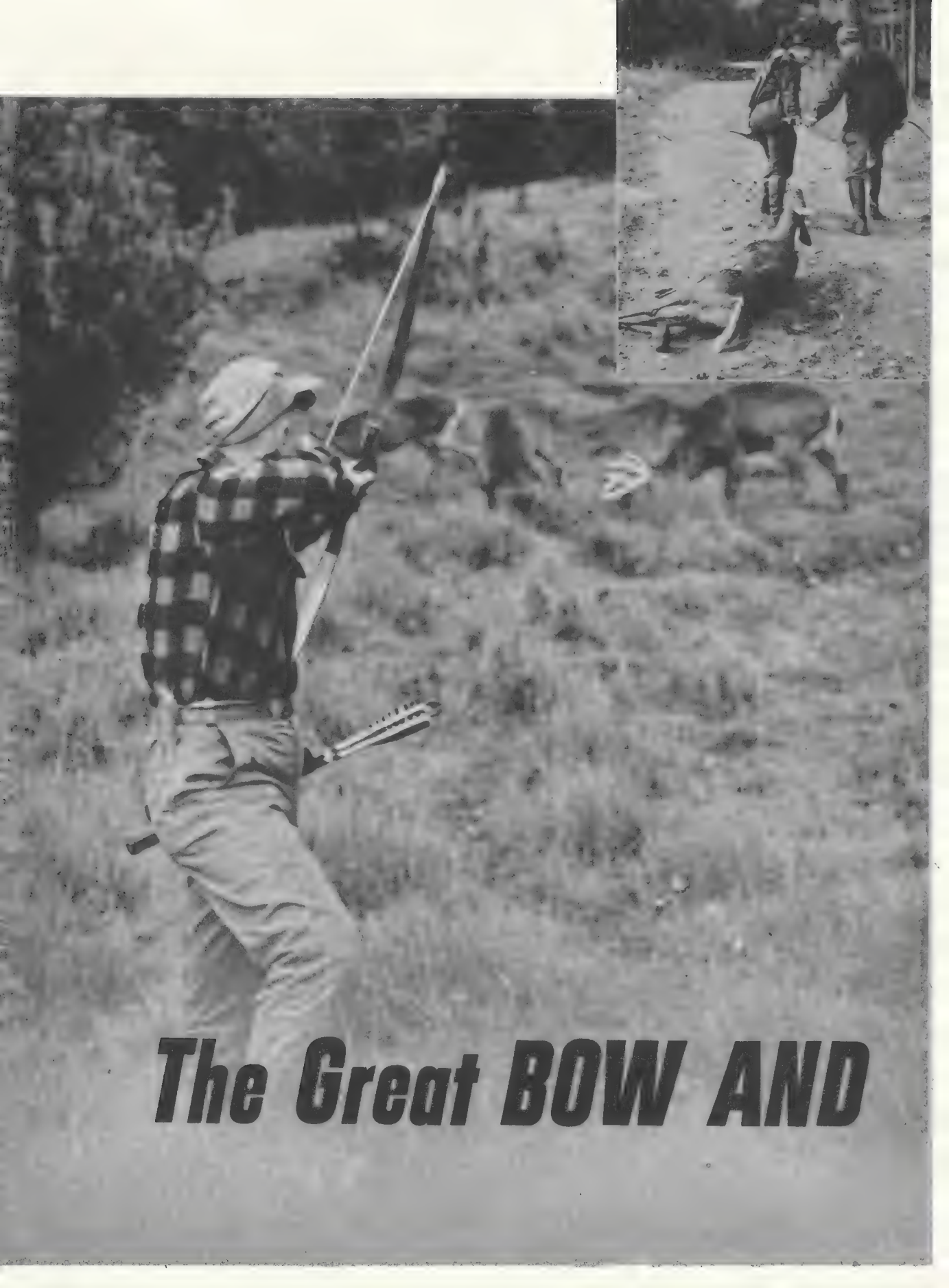
THAT Sunday morning we docked the *River Queen* on a shallow mossy savannah and the pair of us just sat there drinking cold beer in the bright sunlight and talking about every which thing except what we'd come for. Big sport, catfish gigging, but the Pascagoula River, just above Mississippi's Highway 90, seemed just too hot and summery for guys to spear around in. Joe and I didn't do much of anything but kill time—until that fisher showed up.

Eyes closed, I was stretched out on the *Queen's* deck enjoying the sun. We were both on our fourth can of beer and so when Joe jumped up and said he saw a fisher running across yon lee, I thought the bastard was drunk already. I cocked one eye and grinned, "When you ever gonna learn your limit, Joe? This isn't fisher country—"

"Fisher! Goddammit, Langdon, that's a fisher. Take a look for yourself!" he insisted. But he didn't wait (*Please turn to page 68*)

by **LANGDON MAURY**

As told to Christopher Cochran



The Great BOW AND



A successful bow hunt ends like a gun hunt, but means more satisfaction to the sportsman. The dead deer is hauled by hunters to where the horse is tethered. Then it's back to camp and the very important weighing-in process.

Meet the men who match wits with the wily buck on his own terms—men who live the true meaning of sportsmanship

■ THE Maine woods will be playing host soon to a new breed of men. These are the archers—bowmen who go after deer with bow and arrow and who have put the word “sport” back into sportsmanship. These are hunters in the true tradition of the word, men who match the wily buck in woodlore—and Robin Hood, himself, in the accuracy of their arrows.

They made quite a reputation for themselves last year in their initial hunt pictured here. And, in return, the state of Maine gave the archers their own “season”—from October 5th to the 19th—allowing them their crack at the deer in advance of the gun-hunting dates.

The archers came from all points where the buck-hunter sportsman has given up the gun for the more difficult sport of bow-hunting. More difficult, maybe—but certainly more satisfying.

Maine is ideal for the Twentieth century bow hunter. Rifle and shotgun hunters have been bagging around 40,000 deer each year there, so it's a happy hunting ground for men who find more sport in archery hunting. For in this sport, the emphasis is on *stalking game, woodsman-ship and giving the game a greater chance*. Rifles have become so deadly and effective, they will kill at comparatively long ranges. But archers stalk deer until within easy range. Some archers even grease-paint their faces, and they won't shoot until they see the whites of a buck's eyes.

Actually, the arrow is deadly and powerful. Deer have been shot by arrow at the extreme range of 173 yards. The average effective distance is fifty yards and less, particularly in brushy areas. For the bow hunter must have clearance lest the arrow be deflected, thus ruining his shot.

MORE

ARROW BUCK HUNT

SPARE TIME IS REPAIR TIME



Milton Alger of Brockton, Massachusetts, illustrates (left) the feather-trimming process. Hunters like to make their own arrows. Center, Dr. H. F. Closez of Michigan files the points of his big broadhead arrow. Right, in the evening, bow hunters gather to chat and watch a bow string in the making by Summer Burrill, an expert at the art.

THE GREAT BOW AND ARROW BUCK HUNT

At the King and Bartlett Lakes Camps, twenty-one archers stalked more than one hundred deer the first five days. Ray Willard, camp proprietor, is a veteran archer who now caters to the bowmen who return, each year, in increasing numbers.

Paul D. Malone, one of the visiting archers from Auburndale, Massachusetts, is an expert bowman as well as gunner. He recently testified before a legislative committee in Massachusetts in behalf of bowmen, spending some time explaining the deadly effect of arrows.

Contrary to belief, arrows do *not* stick "like pins in a cushion" in deer. Big game shot with arrows bleed and die more quickly than from the shock of a slug. Arrows kill by producing hemorrhage, rifles by shock and impact. Malone says his work in the Fahey surgery clinic in Boston has shown that in some two-hour operations, three quarters of the time has to be spent in stopping the patient's bleeding by tying up arteries and veins.

Most hunting arrows can go right *through* big game! Ribs in a live deer and other animals are so soft you can cut them with a scissors. There are many instances where even arrows shot from only a forty-five pound pull bow have gone right through deer. The chest wall, for instance, is very thin. With a little pressure, a three-cornered file can be *pushed* by hand through the chest and into the heart.

Most archers make their own arrows. Some, their own bow strings. Cost per arrow is anywhere from forty-five to seventy-five cents. In arrow-

making Port Orford Oregon cedar is considered best for shafts, although some archers prefer birch. Visits to neighboring turkey farms will yield the feathers. The arrow shafts are decorated by various colors painted in bands on the shafts for identification.

The arrows vary in length from twenty-five inches to twenty-eight inches, depending upon the length of the bow hunter's arm. To get a full, even pull of the bow, it should be pulled back to the head of the arrow.

Arrow heads are varied, depending upon purposes for which they will be used. Ben Pearson Broadhead, Eskimo four-bladed Broadhead and the Helix Broadhead arrowheads are for big game. The Cartridge Case Blunt, and the Easy-Out Field Point are good for squirrel and other tread game.

Feathering is also varied. Some of the popular types are the Spiral Flex Flu-Flu, the Broadhead Hunting and the Wrap-Around Flu-Flu. The Flu-Flu is used for small game. You will get maximum velocity from this type of arrow at twenty some odd yards. The arrow comes down quickly and isn't lost easily.

The average hunting bow length varies from five feet two inches to five feet six inches. The average pull is fifty-five pounds. The arrow should be of sufficient weight to fit the bow for effective use of the bow.

A look at the illustrations will give you some idea why bow hunting is becoming more popular every year—and more productive. ●



Paul D. Malone with bow, and Ray Willard with 38-55 caliber rifle, demonstrate penetrating power differences between slug and arrow. Malone's 96-pound pull arrow penetrated through both sides of the pail. Slug was buried in sand of the heavy target pail.



Here is the amazing, true story of how one man—commanding one ship—did what no man before him had ever dared—smashed the shores of Tripoli and the scum of the seven seas.



Vengeance Raiders of the Barbary Coast

by WILLIAM LANDON

"STAND TO YOUR GUNS!" the first officer's voice rang out under the clear, hot North African sun. Then from up forward came the leadman's voice: "By the Mark—*nine!*" Then silence, with only the brisk breeze snapping the heavy sails against their stays on the frigate *Philadelphia*.

"By the mark—*nine!*" came the leadman's voice again, loud and clear above the wind and the sounds of the groundswells battering the proud hull of the great ship—the pride of America's Navy of 1803.

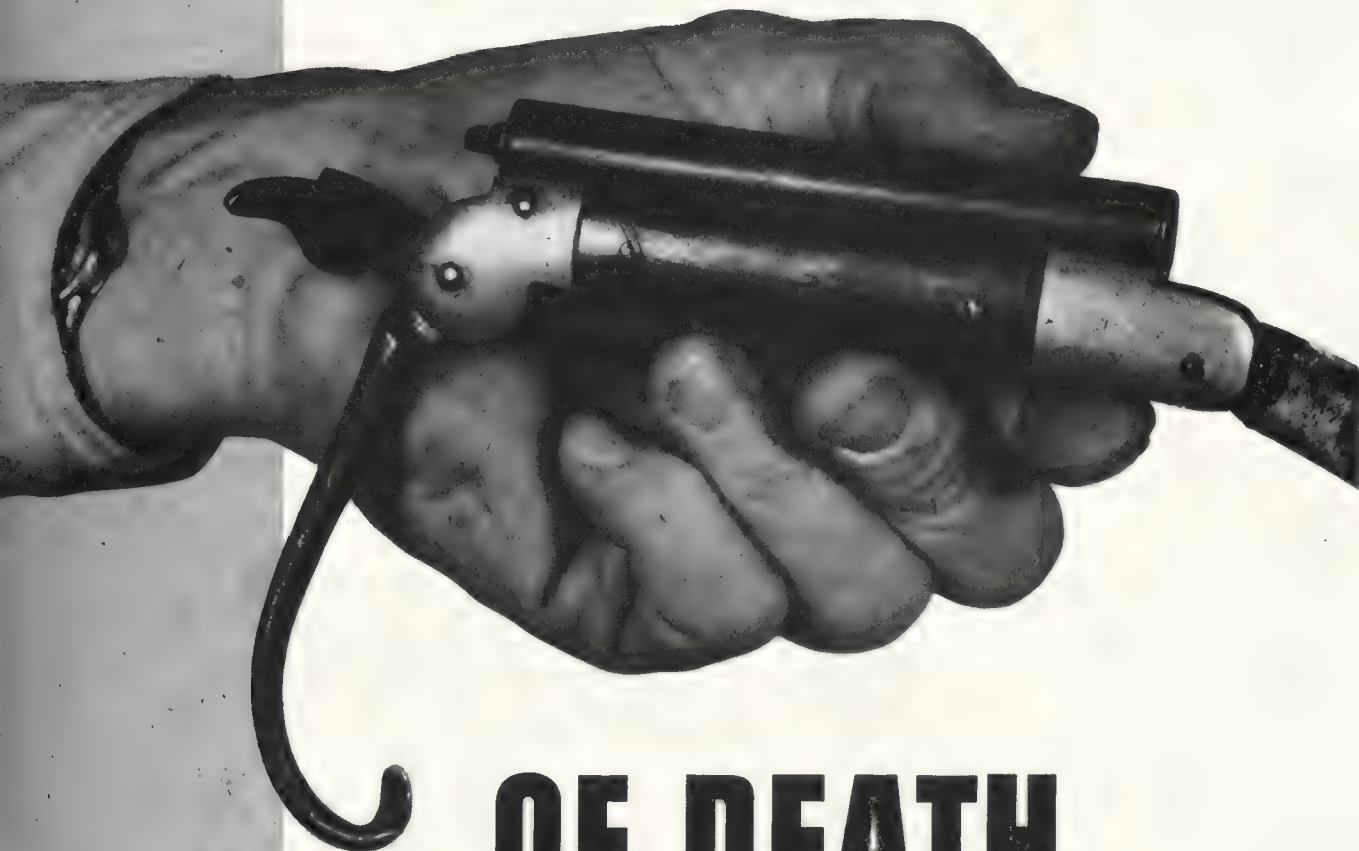
The big, youthful captain looked forward to the bow of his new ship; over the 44 massive guns she carried; beneath the spread of taut sail she spread to the wind; past his men and officers standing to their posts as the ship pursued an enemy. It was December, but it was warm, and the excitement of the chase was upon them. For more years than any of them cared to remember, the *Bashaws* and *Deys* of the Barbary Coast had been taking loot and tribute from all ships passing their seas, and now the United States, youngest of all nations, had decided that such piracy must stop—at least where it concerned American ships. And if diplomacy failed to stop it, well . . . perhaps the *Philadelphia's* young captain had uttered the one alternative when he had said angrily: "The only tribute I'd like to give them comes out of the mouths of my cannon!" Not very diplomatic, perhaps, but more effective at times. And hadn't Lavater once said that: "The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint . . .?"

Well, young Captain Bainbridge, aged 29, was no saint—but he was honest, tough, courageous and wise beyond his years. He was 190 pounds of muscle and sheer
(Please turn to page 48)



Guns Out of the Past—

A HANDFUL



OF DEATH

EVER since Henry Derringer invented that pint-sized package of sudden death (whereby we get the name of the pistol—derringer), lawmen, gamblers and gunmakers have been trying to reduce the size of handguns. The usual purpose for making guns smaller was the relative ease with which they can be hidden. Lawmen, when out socially, didn't like the bulge of their big sixguns; gamblers, when at the gaming tables, usually liked to have a little life insurance in their vest pockets; and, gunmakers couldn't resist the challenge of trying to make weapons tinier and tinier. Another important factor which entered the picture was firepower. Although the guns had no accuracy at long distances, they had enough power to kill a man at short range, and that was their winning virtue. Here then, is a MAN'S ILLUSTRATED gallery of a handful of death •

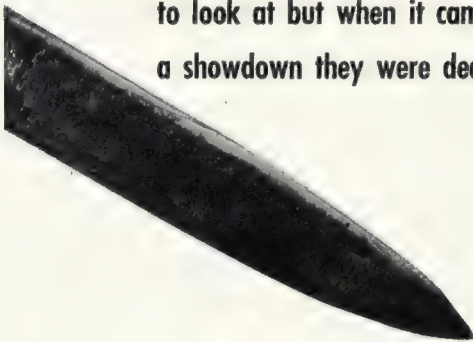


This neat gadget is a .30 caliber squeeze pistol. It was used around the 1880's by Chicago gangsters.



Many men died during the gay '90's after facing this 8 mm pistol. Palm lever at right fires gun.

Here are some of the guns that changed our history. They're not much to look at but when it came to a showdown they were deadly killers.

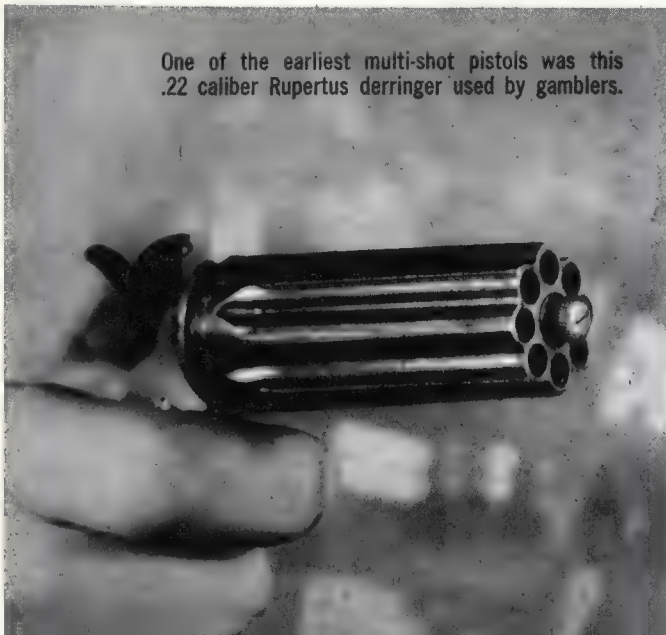


Cute weapon is this knife-gun. Wielder fired percussion pistol along head of knife to get victim.



Here is a gun which has four barrels. After each shot whole barrel area rose to present new bullet.

One of the earliest multi-shot pistols was this .22 caliber Rupertus derringer used by gamblers.



A small pistol like this .41 caliber rimfire was used in the assassination of President McKinley.



While a buddy looks on and patiently waits his turn, this infantryman enjoys a bath in what used to be a watering trough for cattle. The bathtub, handiwork of a service company, had a GI heater which insured plenty of hot water.

The Bathtub That Won The War

It wasn't only the bathtub—it was the GI who sloshed around inside it. Combining brains with combat guts, he invented these deadly, spare-part "persuaders" and went into action.



Air Force Sgt. fingers handful of tire spikes made from scrap metal. They were used against Red truck convoys in Korea.



A GI in Korea came up with the idea of using rocket launcher to lay telephone wire across terrain that's under fire.

by ERIC GREYWOOD

AFTER the Commies in Korea tried to crack the wills and minds of American prisoners-of-war by the sadistic and ruthless techniques of brain-washing, they found that there were some GIs who could be sweet-talked or tortured into treachery.

So did our civilian and military leaders, and as a result a new "code of conduct" for American prisoners of war was proclaimed by the President last August, in an effort to combat the Commie technique of warring on the minds of men. *Resist, resist, never surrender, don't help the enemy, don't talk*, the Code repeats. It's a code for strong-willed men who are tough physically and morally.

With an eye to toughening our men up, military leaders came up with a brain-washing school in which GIs were given a dry-run as to the indignities, tortures, con jobs, and narcotic ambushes they might be subjected to as prisoners of war. Like the judo and survival schools, which teach soldiers how to live without weapons and with short rations, the brain-washing school was designed to harden them to endure.

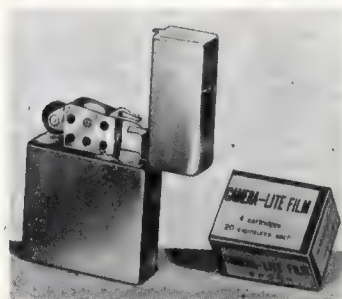
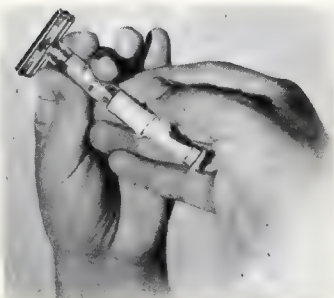
"War has been defined as a 'contest of wills,'" read the report of the Advisory Committee on Prisoners of War, which drafted the Code. "A trained hand holds the weapon. (Please turn to page 60)

Soldier attached to artillery invented this ammunition clip for M1 carbine so it can be used as a machine gun.



GADGETS FOR MEN

Swift-T-Razor is ideal razor for vacations. Comes with a double edge blade; shaving cream is in handle. Four razors for only \$1 (postpaid). Swift-T-Razor, Dept. 131, P. O. Box 5889, Kansas City 11, Missouri.



Unique Camera-Lighter combines a miniature camera (you get 20 pictures on 8mm roll film) with cigarette lighter. \$3.98 with a roll of film. Big Three Enterprises, 1109 Sixth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

The "Graphostat" is a portable drawing board for machinists and builders. Metal edges eliminate need for T-square. \$4.95, plus 50¢ charge for handling. From Leslie Creations, Dept. 484, Lafayette Hill, Pa.



This lifetime Solar Radio uses any light for source of energy, play indoors or out without any batteries. Tunes in all stations on the full AM band. \$14.95 delivered from Nancy's Bazaar, Box 340, Elizabeth, N. J.



THE HORNS OF HELL

(Continued from page 13)

both acknowledged the wafting man-scent, and obliged by crashing up.

And suddenly they were there, glaring, their eyes big as a man's fist and very white with ebony centers. White froth drooled at their slaving jaws as they separated slightly, before the charge. The grass was parched brown, but the bulls showed black against the background except for a small tuft of white hair under the chin. These were buffs, Cape buffalo, the kind that had brought me back after four years.

"If you're going to shoot, Stone," Leggett said dryly, "do it, man—or I will!"

I wanted to pull the trigger; I sucked in my breath, licked my lips and felt fear-sweat cold on my neck. I wanted to shoot Leggett and the buffs, both. That's when they charged. The man-scent must've told them what I was because they came in slow and easy, like I was a piece of cake. Leggett laughed as they came.

"Why don't you run, Stone?" Leggett laughed. "You ran when the buffs took Roy—Your own brother!"

A man dies many times, not once, not if he tries to live down cowardice. That's an old saying, sure, but there's no denying the truth of it. I'd suffered a living hell in the four years since I'd last seen James Leggett, sometime white hunter from Dares Salaam. I disliked my brother Roy almost as much as I disliked Leggett. He knew the core of me for what it was but I wanted to show him otherwise, as well as I wanted to show myself. That's how we happened to go after the buff together, four years later.

It was May 1951. I flew into Tanganyika via Kenya, but I didn't wire Leggett because I didn't want him to turn down a safari with me. He was that sort. When he formed an opinion of a man, circumstances notwithstanding, nobody or nothing could possibly change it. Yet, because of the way I felt, I looked him up.

We had hunted together, down on the Njombe as far as Masimbe. I was 24 on our first safari; my brother Roy was 12 years older. Roy weighed around 250 and stood six four, with arms like oak stumps and a cruel, grinding laugh that made you feel naked if he ever turned it on you. Roy was the kind of man who did every-

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thing big—drink, women, make money. And he never let you forget it, either.

For four years I kept thinking about why Roy had died, and whether it really was cowardice. I could rationalize all day long, sure, but the truth is that when Roy got gored I might've prevented it with one lousy shot. Only I didn't; I turned and ran and was crazy glad to be away. The doctor said it was shock in my case, a psychological reaction or something. Maybe so. All I knew then was a wonderful feeling of having escaped—the way a guy in a trench feels when the next guy is killed instead of him. I had a guilt complex a yard wide, and that's the way it was. I had a gun, but then again, so did Roy, only his didn't work when he needed it.

"Relax! Stay put, kid!" Roy had yelled as the two black buffs charged up out of the swale grass. "You leave it to big brother! He'll save you—just sit and don't wet your pants!"

Leggett was in camp when it finally happened. All he found was Roy's broken, gored body, his eggshell head and blood all over the place. He asked a few questions and I gave a few answers, and I suppose that he formed his opinion of me on that. No matter what he happened to think of Roy, his opinion of me was formed on my confession of retreat. And so, four years later—after four years of living with it—I'd come back. For all I knew,

Roy and Leggett were both right. I had to find out for myself.

"You're sure you want another crack at buffs, Fred?" Leggett asked me evenly. He'd just recovered from the initial shock of seeing me again, and he was sucking on a pipe stem and looking like Gregory Peck under his broad brimmed *terai*. I caught the 'another' crack, of course.

"You've got it wrong, Jim," I looked at him. "Not another—my first. I want to find out something that's been bothering me for four years."

"Don't tell me," Leggett grinned dourly. "Let me guess." He lit the pipe slowly, studying me over the match. "You know, don't you, that Roy's death went into the books 'as an accident'?"

"I know."

"Well, why bring old ghosts to light?"

"I just explained why," I said.

"I nearly lost my license because of that," Leggett blew out the match. "You and Roy had no business taking off without me."

There wasn't any point in saying the whole thing had been Roy's idea to show up both me and Leggett. Roy had wanted to prove that even a guy from 7,000 miles away could spook up game without benefit of a licensed guide.

"Well, Leggett," I said, "do we or don't we hunt together?"

"We do, boy. Sixty thousand times,"

Jim Leggett chuckled. "I've wondered whether you'd be man enough to return. Now that we've gotten this far, the point is do you freeze behind a gun? You see, Stone, I'm not sure whether I've misjudged you or whether you are what you seem—"

"But we do hunt together?"

"Sure. If you think you can take it." "I can try."

I looked at the white hunter. In a way, Leggett and my brother Roy seemed alike suddenly. But we went hunting together, nevertheless...

Fear is a thing a man can't measure or weigh on a scale. Yet it's big enough to choke you from the inside, heavy enough to hang on your shoulders like the biggest weight in the world. It taunts, nags and plagues worse than the most evil woman, and you can't reject it. After four years of living in fear I'd come back—I even had my brother's double .500 Jeffery.

Late that afternoon, we caught a shuttle lorry to Masimbe. There were plenty of buff closer, but for reasons of my own I wanted one particular place. Leggett made a point of taking me there, two afternoons later.

For a tracker we had Leggett's *toto*, his Number One boy, a giant Malanganli who—if he knew anything at all about my reason for coming—acted as if I were the bravest hunter he'd ever met. I was amazed at the courtesy and

kindness of the man, and maybe Jim Leggett was too. He seemed genuinely surprised at the way we two hit it off.

"N'dero thinks you're a big *bun-douki*, Stone," the hunter grinned, at dinner. "He likes the way you carry yourself; says you shoot green sagedove fine with the Winchester."

I played it light, too. N'dero and I'd gone out for sage dove, the premise being that I'd sharpen my shooting eye for the buff. I passed inspection, apparently, for he and I hit it off properly. I let him shoot a few doves with my gun, which, it was fair to suppose, Leggett never did. At any rate, I said nothing about the incident—only that N'dero was quite the *mkubwa* himself. Leggett sniffed contemptuously. He said, "Stone, old boy, what you're going after tomorrow won't fly from you, remember!"

"You don't ever let up, do you?" I glared at Leggett. "You remind me of Roy too much—"

"Sorry. Should never abuse the customers—first rule of the good hunter!"

So it went. For me it was an awkward night. I lay on the cot listening to the grackle, humming mosquitos and the roar of lions out on the plains. I watched the cold, blinking stars and for the first time in years I felt peace. For the first time in years I was unafraid.

Then it was daylight, then forenoon and then the ride into the plain to where the rift began from a deep hole

in the hot earth—the place of the buff. I began to feel the jerky pulse beat of fear throbbing at my temple, and the hot, dry feeling in my throat lumping up. My hands, on Roy's big double Jeffry, were wet and icy, and my legs felt like all the strength had been sucked from them. Leggett looked cool, composed but not sympathetic. If anything, the emotion he felt emerged even more as N'dero spooked up two buffs and whistled shrilly from the far enclave.

"Here we go, boy," Leggett said. "Get yourself a four-year-old shot."

I said nothing; just stood there on the hot red earth staring mutely at the parched *kenai*, with the sun glaring down white and the lip of the deep rift about 40 feet away. I could hear the buff crashing up toward us; we were wind'ard to them, deliberately, the little breeze there touched my sweaty neck.

Two black buffs came up in a rush. Black, flanks heaving, froth slaving at their jaws, they looked left and right and their ugly horns glistened in the sun. Leggett sniffed. They separated about three yards. They snorted once apiece, lowered tails and charged.

"Stone," Leggett roared, "why don't you run? You ran before—now, Stone, run! I'll kill 'em for you—"

They closed in on us before I could think. Big—house big! The Jeffry roared in my wet hands, then roared again. The two black Capers bored in.

I stood; I felt nothing as the hot wind rushed up against my body, spiraling me like a top. I felt welling hysteria as I saw the first red blood spilling into the red earth, and the forelegs pushing out grotesquely, and the tongue flickering weakly, and I was on the ground trembling. I couldn't understand what had happened and why I was on the ground. Dots seared across my skull and in my ears there was a loud hissing, as of pressure being left off. Then it was absolutely dark so suddenly I was bewildered.

"You did a fine job, Stone," the man with the pipe smiled down. "You shot the first in the mouth and the bullet passed through his head. You hit the second in the lung and he clipped you in the charge, sort of spun you like a top."

"Who killed him?"

"I'm afraid I did—though the job of slowing him down was the big one. I owe you something—I'm apologizing," the white hunter nodded soberly. "Then again I'm not. You see, Fred, all my intent was to make you mad enough to kill. To tell the truth, I thought that it was the only way. I wasn't entirely sure you'd go through with it otherwise."

Jim Leggett said a few more things, and likewise N'dero. They rubbed my side with alcohol and, after giving me a needle, taped it. I left the gun and the heads in Tanganyika—with the rest of the things I wanted to forget. **END**



RECKLESS MOUNTAIN BOYS

(Continued from page 23)

and Randolph McCoy should have shot it out right then and there. But the Civil War had made the mountaineers more aware of the ways of the outside world. And old Randolph was particularly interested in being a law-abiding citizen. As the recognized head of his clan as well as of a large family he felt his responsibilities strongly. He was also older than Floyd Hatfield and, as he put it later, he'd seen "enough consarn feudin'" for his lifetime. So when Floyd drew his pistol, old Randolph said, "That ain't agoin' to git me back my haws. I'm goin' to have the law on ye!" And with that unheard-of threat he rode off.

The closest stronghold of the law in

that part of the country was Raccoon Hollow where the Reverend Anderson Hatfield, known as Preacher Anse, held sway as justice of the peace and Baptist minister. Although he wasn't a licensed minister, Preacher Anse was well thought of as a man who did the best he could to lead his flock. He agreed to hold a hearing and trial at his house.

When the great day dawned, the Hatfield and McCoy clans were already arriving at the home of Preacher Anse. The women were laden with great picnic baskets, the men with guns. Word that the law had been called in had spread rapidly. The novelty of bringing the dispute before authority earned it more attention than it would ordinarily have had. Throughout the countryside Hatfield was now known as "Hog-Thief Floyd." Some called that in jest, and others seriously. But the name stuck, and Floyd Hatfield was burning under the brand.

Preacher Anse himself had supervised the bringing in of the hogs, and now the jury made a great show of examining the brands. It was the mountain custom to mark your pigs in the spring by cutting notches in the ears. Then they were turned out to forage for themselves. Came winter and butchering time, each farmer rounded up what animals were rightly his. But cutting notches in the ear of a kicking, squealing pig is tricky busi-

ness, and the markings were so much alike it was hard for even an honest man to tell who really owned the pigs.

The jury was made up of six Hatfields, six McCoys. For awhile it looked as if nothing could break the deadlock. When Preacher Anse called for a decision, they split right down the middle in a straight family vote. Since examination of Exhibit Number One proved nothing of its ownership, Preacher Anse called for testimony from all-too-eager "witnesses." Floyd Hatfield gave a convincing argument that the pigs were his; so did Randolph McCoy. Then Bill Stayton, husband of a Hatfield girl, took the stand. He swore he had personally carved the notches, and remembered just how his knife had slipped on one...

"Ye're a lyin' in the face of the Lord, ye black-hearted bastard!" roared old Randolph McCoy.

Stayton leaped from his chair in a snarling crouch. "Who ye callin' a liar? Git out yer gun and shoot fer yer life like an honest man. I said draw yer gun, or I'll kill ye fer the coward ye be, McCoy!"

Then Preacher Anse stepped between the two men. He managed to get them, and most of the other men in the room to holster their guns. Marking time, he asked the jury to deliberate again.

It was obvious that the longer the trial dragged on, the more likely it was there'd be bloodshed by sundown.



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Finally Selkirk McCoy broke the deadlock. Married to a Hatfield, his loyalties were naturally divided. He made a brief speech saying he believed both sides were telling the truth as they believed it and that, in good conscience, he was unable to vote for either side.

Immediately the room was filled with hooting and jeering, as the McCoys fled out in stony, murderous silence. "Oink, oink, oink, oink!" The whole Hatfield clan took up the cry. And the McCoys rode off with the humiliating hog-calls ringing in their ears.

In spite of this humbling at the hands of the law, old Randolph McCoy continued to caution his clan against fighting. And Preacher Anse delivered a similar sermon to the Hatfields. But bad feelings definitely existed between the families and the spilling of blood seemed—to the younger men, at least—the only way to erase it.

In the months that followed there were several minor clashes. In many of these, Bill Stayton was said to be the aggressor. When he and his brother John, poling their flatboat up the Tug River, caught sight of Floyd and Calvin McCoy coming downstream, Bill Stayton started to shoot at them. As the scows pulled up on opposite shores, bullets whined through the air. No one had been killed by nightfall and the shooting

stopped. But both sides were thirsty for revenge.

Stayton is believed to have been unarmed the next time he met Randolph's son, Floyd McCoy. According to Floyd, Stayton was hiding in a clump of trees along the trail. When Floyd rode up, Stayton hurled a huge rock, hitting him in the face. Floyd McCoy was found along the trail, unconscious and badly injured, several hours later.

Appropriately enough, it was Bill Stayton who was the first to be killed in the feud. He had been lying in ambush along a trail on McCoy territory. Two nephews of Randolph, Paris, 18, and "Little Sam," 15, were the first McCoys he saw. He shot Paris through the hip, but Paris drew his pistol as he fell and fired, hitting Stayton in the chest. Stayton's gun was an old-fashioned musket, and he didn't have a chance to reload. He dropped the weapon and came at Paris with his bare fists. They struggled furiously in hand to hand combat. Though Stayton had a punctured lung, he was bigger than Paris and the hip wound made the boy unsteady. Finally Paris' feet slipped out from under him. He fell backward, with Stayton on top of him. But it gave Little Sam his chance. The 15-year-old boy had his shotgun ready and had been dancing around the two, waiting to shoot without killing his brother. Suddenly he jumped in, shoved the gun muzzle at the base

of Stayton's skull, and pulled the trigger. He almost completely decapitated Bill Stayton.

Old Randolph tried to get his nephews to turn themselves in to the law. He was sure they'd be acquitted since it was obviously a case of self-defense. But the boys remembered too well the case of the "stolen" hogs and they took off for the mountains. It took the Hatfields two days to find Stayton's body, but they weren't surprised when they discovered it. They already knew the two McCoy boys were hiding out in the hills. A posse, led by Elias ("Bad 'Lias") Hatfield, took out after them. After a week of trailing they brought back their prisoners.

Because of the seriousness of the charges, this trial could not be held in Raccoon Hollow. Instead, Paris and Little Sam McCoy were taken to Pikeville, Ky. The jury's verdict was self-defense and the boys were acquitted. But the Hatfields were furious; through legal means they had hoped to gain the vengeance of a life-for-a-life. So they determined to even the score their own way.

Before more blood was shed, the McCoys got a jolt from a totally unexpected source. Elections in Pike County, Ky., were held in the fall of 1880, and election day was not just a matter of casting a ballot. It was a festival, with the candidates providing plenty of moonshine as well as

speeches. For years it had been the custom for the Hatfields and others living outside the county, to wander in and share the liquor. Because of the feud, every able-bodied man in the community who could be considered at least reasonably neutral, was deputized to help keep the peace. And, despite the quantities of moonshine guzzled, and the hot, temper-straining weather, there were no killings. When fights broke out, the men were quickly separated by the deputies.

What eventually happened was something far worse than any fight. Among the Hatfields present was young Johnson, known as Johnse. To the whispering, giggling mountain girls he was more commonly known as "Lover." Dressed more like a city lad than a mountaineer, there was a boldness in his look that brought a blush to modest lassies. But old Randolph's daughter, Rosanna McCoy, returned Johnse's stare with a smile. She was a year older than Johnse, and well aware that she was fast becoming an old maid. During the afternoon, several people noticed that the two had disappeared.

What promises were made, what stolen ecstasies were enjoyed, in the breathless stillness of that Indian summer day, can only be imagined. But the lovers must have both known the trials that waited Rosanna if she went home again. Instead she went to live with Johnse. Perhaps they both expected to be married. Certainly Rosanna's father Randolph thought they were, for he sent the message that she was welcome to come home anytime she liked—but that she'd be a widow the first time her husband set foot on McCoy land. Added furies must have seethed through the old man when he finally learned that Johnse's father had not permitted a marriage to take place.

Johnse was the son of William Anderson (Devil Anse) Hatfield—a cousin of Preacher Anse, and as different from him as their nicknames indicate. For months Rosanna bore the banishment of her would-be in-laws. In the eyes of mountain folk she was not just a fallen woman—she was a fallen woman *without shame*, making no effort to hide her indiscretion.

At last public opinion became more than Rosanna could bear. She moved back across the Tug River to the home of an aunt, Betty McCoy. But she did not give up her lover, as her aunt supposed; they met secretly on the moonlit mountain paths. Johnse Hatfield loved to boast about the hold he had on her and soon Rosanna's brothers started trailing her. Their detective work paid off when they caught the pair together. They dragged Johnse off toward Pikeville, where there was a moonshine-peddling charge awaiting him.

Rosanna immediately rode to the home of Devil Anse. He rounded up some other Hatfields, and they set out to rescue Johnse. When they caught up with the McCoy's, they disarmed

them without a shot, and ordered them to kneel and pray for the last time. Tolbert and Farmer McCoy did, but Jim stared Devil Anse in the eye and ordered him to shoot. Suddenly the old man roared with laughter.

"It's good to see a McCoy who's a man! Take those two whelps beside ye and git!"

The odds against the lovers had proved too much for them. Rosanna went back to her father's cabin to sigh and cry and await the birth of their child. She had heard Johnse was already looking for a woman who would meet with his father's approval.

For several months there was peace throughout the mountains and on election day, August 7, 1882, it did not seem necessary to have an army of deputies to keep order. The falseness of this theory came to light before noon. There were several minor fights. Then Tolbert McCoy staggered over to Bad 'Lias Hatfield. "You dirty son-of-a-bitch!" he yelled. "You still owe me two bits on my fiddle. You've owed it to me for twelve years now." He shook his fist at Bad 'Lias, who calmly spat at him. So Tolbert slammed his fist into his enemy's face, and the fight was on. Farmer McCoy drew his pistol and ran to the aid of his brother, just as Uncle 'Lias and Deacon Ellison Hatfield, joined Bad 'Lias. The sheriff came running up. "You're under arrest, Tolbert." With threats of mutterings the others drew back.

But corn whiskey had made Deacon Ellison, another unlicensed minister, forget the gentler nature of his calling. He continued to jeer at the arrested Tolbert, until that man could stand it no longer. He begged the sheriff to

release him long enough to settle the affair with his fists, and the sheriff agreed.

An angry, excited mob pressed around the men as they battled savagely. Then they broke free, and circled, each waiting for an opening. Suddenly Tolbert whipped out his pocketknife, and snapped open the blade. He crouched silently, while the Deacon reached for his own knife, and slowly, deliberately, opened it. Then they sprang at each other, fell to the ground and fought and rolled in the dirt. Tolbert had been badly gashed on the forehead, and the blood and dust in his eyes almost blinded him. Farmer and Randolph McCoy Jr., rushed to his aid. Because of the dust and the confusion, no one saw what happened in the next few seconds. Suddenly a gun exploded. Farmer and Randolph Jr. backed off, Tolbert struggled out from under, and Deacon Ellison lay gasping as blood gushed from a bullet hole in his back.

There was a moment of stunned silence before everyone realized what had happened. Then the McCoy boys made a break for the woods. They didn't stand a chance of escape and were dragged back to the house where the election was being held. No further ballots were cast in this election—all thought of politics had been forgotten.

Deacon Ellison was carried to a neighbor's house to receive what medical aid was available while the sheriff, and three men he quickly deputized, guarded the prisoners in the clearing. They were to be taken to the Pikeville jail the following morning. Old Randolph McCoy stayed with his sons. He planned to go along to Pikeville to get a lawyer for their defense.



"...and one for the street, and one for the avenue, and one for the turnpike, and one for the lane, and one for the boulevard, and one..."

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The McCoys, the sheriff, and his deputies, started the long trip to Pikeville at daybreak. Just before noon they were overtaken by more than 20 Hatfields. Later, not even old Randolph was sure he could name them all. The sheriff and his men gave up their prisoners without a fight. Wall Hatfield, a brother of Deacon, assured the sheriff that the boys would be given a fair trial. As a justice of the peace, he insisted he was within his rights to try them in the subdistrict where the fight had taken place. So the prisoners were loaded on a wagon and the Hatfields took them back over the trail they had just come. Old Randolph watched in bitter silence, then spurred his horse toward Pikeville. He hoped to get the authorities at the county seat to intervene.

The Hatfields took their prisoners to an abandoned schoolhouse for the night. A drenching rain began to fall and the captors crowded inside the little room, seating themselves around the McCoys who lay face down on the wooden floor. They cheered themselves with jugs of moonshine and taunted the prisoners with what was to come if Deacon Ellison died.

Close to midnight there was a knock at the door. Outside stood two soaked, bedraggled women, old Randolph McCoy's wife, Sarah, and her daughter-in-law, Tolbert's wife. They had made their way on foot over miles of steep,

slippery trails, across the swollen Tug River, to see their menfolk for possibly the last time. But moonshine had drowned what chivalry might have been shown them. Devil Anse Hatfield blocked the door and ordered them to go back where they'd come from.

Morning brought an end to the rain, and a crowd soon gathered around the schoolhouse. Sarah McCoy returned with her daughter-in-law and another son, Jim. This time they remained in the background, feeling that somehow their presence might avert, or at least delay, the killing of the boys. Preacher Anse came and pleaded with his kin to turn the McCoys over to proper authorities. He was told that this would be done—if Deacon Ellison lived.

The crowd thinned in the afternoon. Deacon was reported to be holding his own. The McCoys, standing near a schoolhouse window, heard Tolbert ask for tobacco. One of the guards gave him some, and offered him a drink. They decided the situation had changed for the better, and at about three o'clock they left, intending to return to their vigil in the evening. It wasn't more than half an hour later that a messenger arrived at the schoolhouse. Ellison Hatfield was dead.

Jim McCoy had stopped at an uncle's farm just across the Tug River and it was just turning dusk when he heard the volley of shots up in the valley. It only lasted a minute, but he

estimated some 50 shots had been fired. "Took a lot of 'em," he mused bitterly. Later he said he had to consider every male Hatfield stained with the blood of his brothers. Later that night Jim rounded up some relatives and they made their way up the river to where the shots had come from. There, tied to a clump of trees, slumped the bullet-riddled bodies of the three young McCoys.

Three weeks later, when the Pike County Circuit Court convened, the judge indicted 19 men in the murder of the McCoys. But all the men listed lived in West Virginia, outside the court's jurisdiction. For many years after that the court carried the indictments. Each time court convened, the county clerk wrote beside each name "Not found in this county," and the date. Not that the Hatfields no longer crossed the Tug River; they did, but usually in large armed bands. And no one cared to risk certain death by attempting to arrest them. Even when Kentucky's Governor Knott offered a reward of \$100 each, they were no takers.

This reward, going begging as it did, added to the feeling of power enjoyed by Devil Anse, and his clansmen. And they were spurred on in their raids by the knowledge that old Randolph and his most levelheaded son, Jim, were doing everything in their power to bring the Hatfields to justice through

legal means. They wanted no part of the "outsiders" law and were determined to flaunt it to the utmost.

As the Hatfield outrages continued, complaints against them mounted in the Pike County Circuit Court. Finally the newspapers in the larger cities began to take notice of the feud. One editorialized: "Duelling is part of an advanced civilization compared to these assassinations."

But a greater scandal to the mountaineers than the killing of three men was the vengeance of "Cap" Hatfield. A son of Devil Anse, his reputation was fast surpassing even that of his father. He smarted under the gossip against his father, even though most of it was true. It was this that took him, and a henchman, Tom Wallace, to the home of Bill Daniels who had remained neutral in the feud. But Daniels had married a McCoy, and his wife and mother were outspoken in their feelings against the Hatfields. So while Wallace held Daniels at gunpoint, young Cap dragged first Daniels' wife, and then his aged mother, into the yard and brutally whipped them.

Now Daniels himself had never been known for brave deeds or bold actions, but his wife's brother, Jeff McCoy, and a cousin named Hurley, took off for Hatfield country to teach young Cap a lesson. When they got to Cap's cabin they found he was away, but Tom Wallace and Cap's ailing wife were at home. A pitched battle followed. Jeff and Hurley were shooting from the cover of a cow shed and Wallace was barricaded in the house. At last Wallace ran out of ammunition and the shooting stopped. The McCoys set out for their homes, resolving to set up an ambush for Cap.

But Cap Hatfield came home just after the raiders had left. With him were two friends and this trio set out after the McCoys, catching up with them just a few hundred yards from Tug River. Fully realizing their peril, Jeff and Hurley tried to shoot it out, but both were wounded and taken prisoner. And while the Hatfields were binding up their own wounds, Jeff slipped from his ropes and made a dash for the river. He reached it, and swam against the swollen torrent with all his strength. Cap had followed him down to the shore, and now he stood, amusing himself by shooting all around McCoy. A crack shot, he could obviously have killed his quarry with no effort. Instead he waited until Jeff reached the "safety" of the other side. Then he dropped him with a single shot in the middle of the back.

Hurley was turned loose and ordered to swim. Terrified, he was sure they planned the same sport for him. But he had no choice, and dived into the Tug. Not a single shot was fired. Whether Cap had had his fill, or whether his companions talked him out of the game, no one knows. But Hurley made his way back to McCoy territory to tell of another terrible episode.

Five years had passed since the exe-

cution of old Randolph's three sons. With each passing year the forces of law and order in Pike County became more embarrassed, and as communications improved, the outside world was taking an increasing interest in the affairs of the mountaineers. The governor of Kentucky had even gone so far as to demand extradition of the Hatfields indicted in the triple murder in West Virginia. But no action was taken. It was the killing of Jeff McCoy, and the publicity that went with it, that led Kentucky's Governor Buckner to deputize the most renowned man-hunter of the day to "go get those Hatfields." Frank Phillips, a dark, wiry, little man, had a reputation for getting his man that awed even the mountaineers.

Rounding up a posse of marksmen, he marched boldly up to the Logan County Court House in West Virginia and demanded that the startled jailer turn over all prisoners to him. The jailer explained that, at the moment, there was not a captive on the premises. "Wal then, I reckon I'll round me up some," drawled Phillips. And he did. He marched three innocent bystanders, who had been hanging around the courthouse doing their Saturday morning whittling, back to Pikeville, Kentucky. There were no charges against them, but they were slapped into jail and served more or less as hostages.

They served a far more important function, as far as the Hatfields were concerned. They were a sufficient excuse for inflaming the feud. Frustrated and outraged by old Randolph's insistence on calling in the law, the Hatfields had often tried to ambush the old man. Several times they had

riddled his cabin with bullets, and more recently they had ambushed two of his neighbors they had mistaken for him and crippled them for life. Now, on New Year's Day, 1888, the Hatfields determined they would get him for good. Devil Anse and his son Cap, Jim Vance, and Johnse Hatfield made the original pact. They picked up five more eager hands enroute.

Old Randolph's cabin was a duplex affair: It consisted of two sheds connected by a roofed-over alley or airway. In one, the old man, his wife, Sarah, and their son Calvin slept. In the other were Allifair, an unmarried daughter, and Betty, Tolbert's widow, with her two children.

That night at the cabin, the Hatfields shouted for their quarry to come out. There was no answer.

"All right, men, we'll smoke 'em out," Cap ordered. This had been arranged beforehand, and each man knew what to do. On one side of the cabin, some cotton had been hung out for drying. On the other side the Hatfields quickly piled dry wood. In a moment the cabin was surrounded by flame, which instantly caught the resin under the bark of the side logs. Then they waited for the trapped McCoys to come into the alleyway where they could be picked off like clay pigeons.

At first no one came out. From inside came the sounds of people frantically trying to put out the fire. Someone shouted, "There's no more water." And the order came back, "Use the milk then."

At that moment a young woman in her nightdress appeared at the kitchen door. She stopped when she saw the raiders, and then yelled defiantly, "I know one of ye's Cap Hatfield. I know



"And how is Mrs. Gilbert's show tonight?"

thet voice. Do ye hear me Hatfield?" "Git her!" At the same moment, a rifle barked, and the woman fell backward.

"What happened? Are ye hurt?" Sarah McCoy cried out across the alleyway.

Betty screamed, "They've kilt All-fair."

Thinking only of her daughters, Sarah dashed out into the passageway. Jim Vance raised his rifle, and slammed her with the butt end again and again, until the old woman lay quiet on the ground.

Inside the cabin, Calvin and old Randolph both knew it was hopeless. The roof and sides were tumbling down in great burning brands. "I'm gonna try to git to the cornshed," Calvin shouted and dashed out into the night. Randolph heard a fusillade of shots and ran out through the smoke. But by then the raiders were already riding away.

Newspapers in Kentucky and the surrounding states made the most of this violent raid, emphasizing the youth of the son and daughter killed, and the heartlessness of the attackers who battered a mother while she was trying to reach her dying daughter.

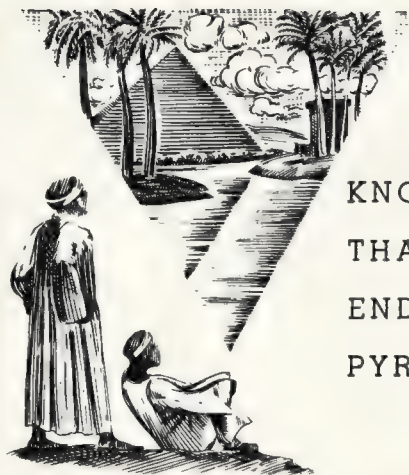
The state of Kentucky soon placed a reward of up to \$500 a head on Devil Anse, Cap, Johnse Hatfield and Jim Vance. Money like this attracted top sharpshooters from several states, and Frank Phillips had a formidable army on his following raids.

On one raid they picked up the trail of both Cap Hatfield and Jim Vance. Vance, supposedly not feeling well, told Cap he couldn't go on and was going to make a fight for it. He did, and the posse finally succeeded in killing him. Then West Virginians, furious with the bad publicity their state had been receiving, swore out a warrant for the arrest of Phillips. He was charged with the "murder" of Jim Vance, and also with the kidnapping of the innocent prisoners he had taken on his first "raid."

Now a West Virginia posse, led by constable J. R. Thompson, was out hunting the Kentucky posse led by Phillips. The two finally met and a minor war followed. One of the West Virginians, Bill Dempsey, was wounded and, according to later reports, Frank Phillips went up to the wounded man, drew his gun, and shot him in the head. Furthermore, it was claimed that the dead man was robbed of some three dollars in cash.

Thus, what had started out as a family feud, now saw state turned against state, and posse against posse. Charles Gillespie and Ellison Mounts, two Hatfield sympathizers were arrested, but released. Some posse members actually turned in a scalp with a prematurely grey streak running through it, and with this grisly trophy they received the reward for Tom Wallace.

The sight of reward money actually being claimed inspired two Kentucky detectives to go after Devil Anse and



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Cap. They declared their objectives loud and long—too loudly in fact. They found the Hatfields waiting for them—with loaded rifles and warrants for the arrest of the Kentuckians. The West Virginia mountaineers still chortle over the day Devil Anse and Cap marched their “captors” into jail.

It was in the fall of 1896 that Cap Hatfield fell into the hands of the law. He had come down from the mountains, and was living peacefully among his neighbors in Matewan, W. V. But one day, full of moonshine, he encountered an old enemy, John Rutherford, who had also been drinking heavily. Though no one knew who started the shooting, Rutherford and another man were killed in the following gun battle. In any case, Cap Hatfield was finally taken to jail.

Of course, he lived up to his reputation and broke out a couple days later. The stories the newspapers printed about attempts to return Cap to justice were fantastic. They reached a peak with the tale of the dynamiting. According to legend, Cap took refuge on a high mountain ridge, a natural rock formation known as the Devil's

Backbone. From here he could shoot any man who approached his lair. Under cover of night, detectives laid a powder trail right up to his hideout, setting off enough dynamite to blast off the top of the mountain. The posse was certain it had blown its man to kingdom come. But the smoke and dust was still too heavy to see through, when Cap's rifle barked. One by one he picked off half the men in the posse, before the survivors escaped.

Cap never denied this popular legend, but some say he always seemed to enjoy it too much for the story to have been completely true.

In any case, when tempers had cooled, Cap came down from the mountains. He studied law and hung up his shingle in Logan. Sixty-seven years old when he died in 1930, Cap spent his last days at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Md., where he was being treated for a brain tumor. His father, old Devil Anse, died of pneumonia in January, 1921, just four years after his long-time enemy, old Randolph McCoy passed away. Old Randolph also died of natural causes, at the age of 90.

The feud itself had lasted from the 1870's up to the turn of the century. Some say the total number killed in direct connection with the feud was between 50 and 60. Others claim between one and two hundred. No one will ever know exactly what human price was paid for the two disputed hogs that started the whole thing. Many young men rode off from their homes during the years of the feud and never returned. Some undoubtedly met death from natural causes. But many more were probably victims of ambush.

The Hatfield-McCoy feud was the bloodiest and most publicized in the history of the United States. It was America's unofficial thirty-year's war, in the ruggedest terrain east of the Mississippi. Today this region produces keen-eyed mountain folk who are hungry for education. The area has also contributed a full share of honored men and women. Descendants of the Hatfields and McCoys fill the professions—law, education, medicine, engineering—and each is eager to forget the bloody mistakes of past generations. **END**



VENGEANCE RAIDERS

(Continued from page 35)

determination, and he was proud of his American heritage, of the great ship he commanded, and of the flag she bore high on her mast. Bainbridge was a lot like young Stephen Decatur, and both had been cut from the same cloth as wily, brave old Commodore Preble. So why not outfit a powerful, new squadron, commanded by such men, and send it into pirate waters? They could escort American merchantmen and, at the same time, suppress pirate activities along the dreaded coast of Tripoli.

It had been in the course of such duties that Captain William Bainbridge's ship had spotted the fast-running Tripolitan man-o'-war off the African coast, and had given chase. But the pirate chose to run, rather than stand for boarding or for fighting. Very well, if she wanted to run—the *Philadelphia* could run too!

The young captain looked at his first mate almost casually. However, Bainbridge's calm exterior was but a deception, for the man was a volcano of fury and energy. And his men knew it, even as his former enemies, the

French and English had learned it in the past. At last the captain said, "Fire one shot to educate them, Mr. Jones!"

He listened as his order was transmitted to young midshipman Biddle, who then fired one of the guns. The shot went out, arched gracefully, and the entire crew held its breath as it struck the sea abaft the fleeing ship, sending up a huge splash which rained on the vessel. For a moment there was only silence, then a series of tiny, black clouds puffing from the enemy ship's gunports gave them their answer. An instant later the broadside fell on them, splashing saltwater, splitting railing and one ball tearing through a sheet of sail. "Very well, Mr. Jones," Bainbridge said without visible emotion, "a starboard broadside, if you please!"

Cutting gently to larboard, as not to lose too much head, the *Philadelphia* faced her starboard to the enemy and fired a broadside. Off in the distance, the enemy ship was seen to shudder as the American's deadly discharge fell on target. Then the enemy's guns answered, but in doing so, she lost too much head and the *Philadelphia* was seen to gain, even as she leaned to starboard, causing the Tripolitan's shells to miss. Bringing herself around, the *Philadelphia* fired another larboard broadside and again great damage was caused aboard the fleeing enemy, and her crew was seen running about the decks as the shot ripped through her. There was no cheering from the Yankee crew; but they watched, satisfied, as the enemy's deck flew to pieces, her gunports buckled, and one of her lanteen sails was seen to collapse as her foremast was shot away. But still the captain aboard the Tripolitan ship did

not strike his colors. Above the din of battle everyone heard the loud, but unemotional voice of the leadsmen crying: "By the mark—eight!"

"They're not striking!" called Lieutenant Jones, almost angrily.

"All right, Mr. Jones. Starboard again!"

Leaning slightly before the breeze, presenting starboard to the enemy as the full broadside of 22 cannon roared, the magnificent ship ate up the distance between her and the running corsair. "By the mark—eight!" came the cry. The ship leaped forward eagerly.

The *Philadelphia* was running before a strong breeze, along the northern coast of the dark continent, in the homewaters of the pirates. Captain Bainbridge could easily read the pirate captain's mind. There was no doubt that scoundrel was making for the safety of the *Bashaw's* anchorage at Tripoli. It wasn't much farther ahead either; an hour or so more, and he might be safe—so he thought. What he didn't know was that Captain Bainbridge had sworn to sail right into the *Bashaw's* bay, if necessary, to teach those damned pirates respect for the American flag.

Repeatedly, the American and Tripolitan ships traded shot as they ran along the dangerous coastal waters, at times barely skirting the reefs and other dangers which lay along their course. The enemy had the advantage in these tactics, for he knew the shoreline and depths well, this being his homeground. Those aboard the American man-o'-war, on the other hand, had to take constant soundings even as their vessel chopped through the waters, for their charts were pitifully inadequate. Still, Captain Bainbridge was, above all, a fine navigator and a

cunning sailor. No matter what—the safety of his ship and crew was never out of his mind, and even as he issued his fighting orders, he was listening to the constant calling out of his leadsmen as the man kept sounding the bottom for him. “By the mark—eight!” came the cry again.

Moving in closer, Captain Bainbridge managed to bring his guns to bear with greater accuracy upon the running pirate, who was having a bad time of it. The Americans clearly outgunned him, and could outshoot him. Yet the pirate hoped and believed that he would soon make the Dey's anchorage. There, he was certain, the accursed American dog would never dare follow, although how he had dared give chase in such dangerous waters, with a chance of meeting an Algerian fleet at any turn, was a wonder in itself.

Closing just as the ship ahead began its run into the sought-after cove, Captain Bainbridge's patience finally snapped: “Nail them!” he cried to his gunners, “Nail those damned pirates!”

The Philadelphia's broadsides wrought havoc, panic, and put the fear of American gunnery into the Algerians, so that they thought more of escape than of fighting back. Yet it seemed they would escape him. Did he dare go any closer?

“By the mark—eight!” came the cry. “Hard a-starboard! Mr. Jones!” Captain Bainbridge ordered, and fetch them another broadside!”

His first officer, Jones, and Lieutenants Porter and Hunt stood about him, all studying the chart the captain held, while midshipmen Biddle and Gamble and some of the other men went about steadying the men and ship. There was great excitement now, for never had an American ship followed one of the corsairs so far into the *Bashaw's* bay—indeed, almost under the powerful guns of the Dey's shore installations. It was sure to be a day they, and the Turkomen would long remember!

Then it happened! Heading straight into the cove before a strong wind, they heard the paralyzing cry: “By the mark—six!”

“What?” cried Captain Bainbridge. “Sing out, leadsmen!”

“By the mark—six, sir!” repeated the leadsmen, his white, pale face looking up at the captain.

“It can't be!” said Lieutenant Porter. “The Turkoman has just passed over!”

But Bainbridge was not waiting for reasons or explanations. His trigger-quick mind had grasped the horrible fact that somehow, somewhere below them a sudden and treacherous reef had appeared. It had risen to catch his beautiful ship, to attack him, even as the cruel, greedy pirates of that land attacked the unwary, peaceful merchantmen who happened to pass their shores. Instantly Captain Bainbridge jumped to the wheel, crying loudly, “hard a-larboard!” But it was already too late.

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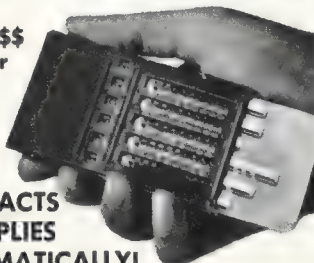
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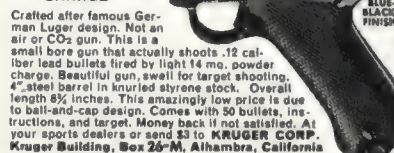
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"By the mark—five—!" And at that same instant it was as though a great, invisible hand had risen from the sea and grabbed the helpless ship in steely fingers, lifted her out of the water. A mighty screeching and snapping rang through the clear air as the *Philadelphia* shuddered to a stop, perched on a shelf of jagged rock, just inside the bay of Tripoli. Her cannon snapped their lines and moorings, her masts swayed, and her officers and men were dashed forward into heaps of arms and legs and broken heads. In an instant it was over. All was quiet. The *Philadelphia* was a prisoner. . . .

But it was only the beginning of their troubles, as the Americans soon found out. The Tripolitans, seeing the beautiful prize within their reach, wasted no time in trying to capture it. Within minutes the *Dey's* shore batteries had begun firing with devastating effects. The advantage, of course, was all on their side: they were behind stout walls of timber and stone; their guns stationary and their men had freedom of movement. Captain Bainbridge and his crew, on the other hand, were hampered not only by the sharply-slanting deck, but by the constant battering of the waves which broke upon the reef, which made accurate aiming impossible. Additionally, the maneuverability which was the man-o'-war's chief defense in combat was denied them, and they were badly out-gunned. Nevertheless, they returned fire for fire, as best they could.

For nearly four hours, as the brave ship was blown to pieces around them, Captain Bainbridge's crew continued serving its guns to a man. But the situation was impossible. The pitiful cries of the wounded, and the sight of the dead piled upon the decks had already convinced the young captain that further resistance would be sheer folly. Calling his officers together, he explained his views, and they agreed. "To surrender to an enemy is difficult," he said sadly. "To surrender to barbarians is humiliating! But I cannot stand to see my brave crew cut to pieces! I will surrender. . . ." Whereupon he ordered that his colors—the American flag—be struck. In the distance he and his men could see the enemy ships, who only a moment before had been afraid to get within firing distance, coming at them like eager jackals for the kill.

"Drop your weapons!" he reluctantly ordered his men. "No matter what—offer no resistance!" It was the final straw. He knew he did it for his men, but he also knew he could never rest until his honor—and that of his country and flag—had been avenged. Fighting back tears, he watched the dirty, leering Tripolitan pirates swarm aboard his ship. And there he swore his great oath: *No matter what—he would see those dogs brought to their knees before his country's flag. . . .*

The American officers and men, bleeding, exhausted, chained, and with

their uniforms torn half off their grimy bodies, were brought before the arrogant *Dey* of Tripoli as dogs. Everything of the slightest value, from their watches and swords to their epaulets and buttons, had been stolen from them by the smelly murderers. Even their extra clothes, and in many cases their coats and shoes, had been taken from them. And now the *Bashaw*, surrounded by his nobles and bodyguards, leaned forward smiling, to look the miserable crew over.

It had already been brought to his attention that when one of his officers had attempted to remove a miniature of the American captain's wife from around his neck, the American had lifted the Tripolitan into the air and dashed the man's brains out against the railing of the ship. He looked now and saw before him a tall, powerful and angry man, who still wore a tiny pendant from a slim golden chain about his neck. This, then, must be the captain. A dangerous, disdainful dog of a Christian. One to be watched, and dealt with in due time. Yet he could not help but admire the spirited light in the man's eye. . . .

"You does of Christians!" he said at last, rising from his couch and looking more at the tall, unflinching captain than any of the others. "Can you give me any reason why I should not cut out your eyes and tongues?"

"None that a thieving pirate would understand," the American replied steadily and without undue inflection of his voice.

He might have died right there had not at that moment a distinguished and richly attired native stepped through the crowd to the side of the fuming *Bashaw*. Bending slightly as

if to whisper into the *Dey's* ear, the native spoke. "Oh great, exalted master," he said. "Do not act hastily, for this man is Captain William Bainbridge—one of the great captains of the American fleet. Why waste such a prize?"

The man was right, of course, and even despite his anger the Tripolitan ruler saw it. He waved his hand, indicating assent, and the newcomer smiled at the Americans, half bowing. "Gentlemen," the man announced, "I am Sidi Mohammed Dgheis, a humble servant of the great and gracious *Dey*. May I escort you to your quarters?"

The "humble servant" turned out to be none other than the *Dey's* Minister of Foreign Affairs, a powerful, but kindly man who had studied among Christians and understood the European way of life. As for the "quarters," the officers were locked up in the former home of the recently departed American consul, who had been declared *persona non grata* due to the friction between governments. The enlisted men, as far as Captain Bainbridge was able to gather, were to be dumped in one of the *Bashaw's* smelly dungeons. The captain fumed at the very thought of it, but he was helpless to act. Still, he was already planning. . . .

The thought of his proud ship's sad fate, and the degrading treatment of his crew and officers depressed and angered William Bainbridge until he could do nothing but dream of avenging every insult. But how?

His first break came sooner than he had expected, and from a most unexpected quarter, for it was Sidi Mohammed Dgheis who introduced him



to Mr. Nissen, the affable Danish consul. Mr. Nissen, who liked and admired Americans, at once set about making life easier for the prisoners by advancing them money, arranging for them to buy back some of their stolen personal belongings such as books, clothes and toilet articles, and offering to transmit letters and messages to Commodore Preble in their behalf. It was the latter service which the delighted Bainbridge found of most interest. In the idea of communicating with his commanding officer rested his plans for erasing the insult to his crew, his ship and his country.

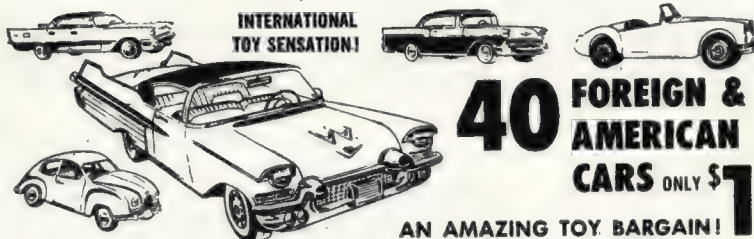
However, the captain's first efforts were doomed to disappointment, for he soon discovered that all letters had to be submitted to the Dey's palace for close scrutiny before Mr. Nissen could pass them on. All his efforts at secret codes and at smuggling out intelligence were quickly detected, and any letters containing unusual phrases or words were instantly destroyed.

In the light of this, the resourceful Bainbridge decided upon bolder tactics. Accordingly, during one of Mr. Nissen's visits he took the gentleman aside and spoke frankly: It was imperative, he said, that he find a means of private communication with Commodore Preble. Could Mr. Nissen suggest a means?

The Danish consul considered for a moment before replying. Yes, he could. From time to time, he confided in the captain, he had employed an "invisible ink," which when subjected to heat would cause the writing to appear. He then gave Bainbridge the simple formula. From that point on, Bainbridge played a double game with the *Bashaw*—that of submitting obviously coded letters, which were promptly and silently torn up, and then submitting apparently harmless, meaningless letters, which were forwarded without question. With each reply the captain received he tested the paper eagerly; then one day he knew that Preble had discovered the ruse. "Send your message," appeared between the lines of Commodore Preble's innocuous letter. Bainbridge and his lieutenants were elated. At last their counterattack from within the *Bashaw's* own walls, would begin!

It had been the *Bashaw's* will to set Captain Bainbridge's crewmen to work on his roads, like common slaves. On a slave's diet of hard, black bread and a measure of olive oil, it was all the emaciated Americans could do to survive. But still they managed to observe, to listen, and to encourage the confidences of their native guards.

The officers, too, had found ample opportunity to spy on their own, and to make contact with their men, for the *Bashaw*, on the advice of his minister, had taken to permitting them a period of exercise outside their confines each day. Together the officers and men were able to learn much about their captors and their fortifications—both in the harbor and within



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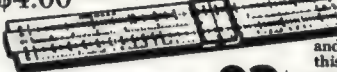
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the city. All this they pooled and passed on to their captain.

The first plan Bainbridge forwarded to Preble was a daring one. His own ship, the *Philadelphia*, he wrote, had been floated by the *Dey's* navy, despite all of Bainbridge's efforts to scuttle her. Now, he said, the once proud American frigate was anchored in the harbor in the midst of the Tripolitan fleet, her guns trained toward the entrance, as powerful support to the shore fortifications. A small, well-armed and determined force, Bainbridge wrote, could reach the *Philadelphia*, board her, burn her and escape.

There followed one of those long, painful periods during which he wondered if the *Bashaw* might not have known of his ruse all along, permitting him to transmit messages only to play cat and mouse with him. He had almost given up hope, when one day came the magic reply: The plan appeared sound. His good friend, Stephen Decatur, had volunteered to lead the raid on the *Philadelphia*. Well done, Commodore Preble wrote.

The raid, itself, is now part of our naval heritage, and is one of the proudest exploits in the annals of our country's military history.

Near midnight on a December night, in 1803, Lieutenant Decatur, with 70 volunteers aboard the ketch *Intrepid*, made his way silently into the Tripolitan harbor. A Turkomen officer aboard the *Philadelphia*, seeing the dark shape gliding quietly toward him, called out for it to anchor at a distance. It was impossible, cried back Decatur's Maltese pilot in the native language. They had "lost" their anchors. The officer threatened to fire the *Philadelphia's* great guns into the little ketch, which would have surely blown her and her brave crew to kingdom come, but the *Intrepid* kept coming. A moment later she tied herself to the frigate and before the surprised pirates realized what was happening, Decatur and his volunteers were upon them, and the prize was flaming like a torch. The *Philadelphia* now belonged to the sea. It had gone exactly as Bainbridge, the mastermind had foreseen it. Decatur and his force had then sailed the *Intrepid* out to freedom, after a feat which was to resound around the world, sending American naval prestige soaring.

The *Bashaw* was furious! He stormed and raved, threatening to kill his American prisoners, but Captain Bainbridge and his men merely smiled quietly in his face. It was only the beginning, and they knew it.

As soon as things had calmed down a little, Bainbridge resumed his one-man campaign to humiliate the kingdom of Tripoli, and to bring the haughty *Bashaw* to his knees.

Quietly observing the habits of the Tripolitan naval and land forces, he now wrote to his commander that "2,000 men" could land and secure the state of Tripoli. Along with his plan for the capture of the state, he was

careful to include his knowledge of the fortifications and military positions about the city. As for the harbor, he was able to outline where every cannon, every anchorage, and every underwater obstacle was to be found. Then came another of those agonizing periods of waiting.

Bainbridge's answer, this time, did not arrive on paper. It arrived on the wings of a heavy powder charge—directed at the *Bashaw* himself.

The Americans heard the first cannonade from their prison, and the officers, who had been out walking, suddenly turned to see a beautiful sight: Commodore Preble's own flagship, the tough, new *Constitution*, leading the entire squadron into the harbor of Tripoli! Cheers broke out among the American prisoners, and although they were hurried back to prison, what was happening could not be hidden from them.

Sailing majestically into the harbor, almost scornfully, towards the very shadow of the *Bashaw's* palace, Preble's squadron waited until the shore and ship batteries had opened fire before returning a shot.

The *Dey* watching angrily from a palace window, waited for the arrival of Captain Bainbridge, for whom he had sent. Upon the arrival of the American, the *Dey* smiled maliciously and pointed toward the harbor below. "You know your fleet is down there," he said through his interpreter.

"Yes," Bainbridge said, unable to conceal his pleasure.

"Good!" said the *Bashaw*. "I have summoned you, proud captain, because I wished you to witness its destruction!"

"I shall only witness the destruction of everything you have and stand for!" Bainbridge replied quietly.

It was like a pronouncement of doom. An instant later Commodore Preble's guns opened fire on the Tripolitans, blasting their ships out of the water. Meanwhile the guns from other elements of his squadron tore great pieces out of the stone bastions above, the walls buckling before the sweeping broadsides, gun crews were swept away from the parapets, stores of shot and powder exploding with flashes of black and scarlet.

But the fortifications were not the only objectives of the determined Americans. The city, too, represented the might of the *Bashaw*. Indeed, the *Bashaw* hid somewhere within it, and in another moment the daring raiders had brought Tripoli under their guns. The shot and shell ripped into the very palace itself, so that Bainbridge and the *Dey* were both sprayed with bits of brick, plaster and pulverized rock. The *Dey*, no longer confident, no longer smiling insolently, but staring at Bainbridge with terror and disbelief, called for his family to be taken to the bomb-proof cellar, and crying, "You shall all pay for this!" The American captain, unable to contain his joy, was escorted back to his quarters, where he found the guards futilely trying to silence the cheering, singing crewmen of the *Philadelphia*.

Soon after the raid, Captain Bainbridge wrote and informed his superior of his successful results. True, the Americans had not attempted a landing, but they wreaked such havoc upon the city that its inhabitants, from the humblest slave to the *Dey*, him-



"I think we have ourselves a best-seller—after we toss in a little spice here and there, of course!"

self, lived in constant fear of another visit from Commodore Preble. Accordingly, Bainbridge suggested just that.

Meanwhile, he could see signs of something in the wind—but it wasn't bravado such as the Dey usually displayed. To begin with, the Dey, after "forgiving" Bainbridge and his men for the "savagery" of his countrymen in attacking "a defenseless city" (he had frequently boasted how he wished the Americans might "just try such an attack" so that he might "blast the infidel dogs to pieces"), now hinted of better treatment. He even suggested possible release of Bainbridge and his crew, *if*, and the *if* was what stuck in Bainbridge's craw, if the captain would agree to write a letter to his commanding officer, Commodore Preble, *demanding* better treatment of Tripolitan crews captured at sea. Obviously, it was a trick to discredit America before the world for her treatment of prisoners and to win sympathy for the Tripolitans. Bainbridge promptly refused. In a rage, the Dey stormed that he would execute the "Christian dogs," starve them to death, have them whipped to shreds, starting with their captain. Bainbridge merely invited him to go ahead.

The next tack the wily Tripolitan took was to send a surprise emissary, none other than his "admiral," to plead his cause. The admiral proved quite a surprise, indeed. He was dressed like a Tripolitan in his baggy, silken clothes and turban, but he certainly did not look like one. To begin with, his hair was a flaming red, his eyes were as blue as the skies of the Mediterranean. When he opened his mouth, it instantly became clear: he had one of the thickest Scottish burrs Bainbridge could ever remember hearing. He was, it developed, the famous Scot renegade, "Admiral" Lyle, and he did, in effect, command the *Bashaw's* fleet. Moreover, he wasn't too happy with the prospects of having his command and favor with the Dey sunk right under his nose.

"Laddie," he suggested sweetly to Captain Bainbridge, "now why not do as the *Bashaw* asks ye? Why not do him just this little favor?"

"You mean write the letter about the prisoners?" the captain asked.

"Aye! What's such a little letter to ye?"

"You'd best get out," said Bainbridge, "before I throw you out!" And that was the end of that.

And it might have been the end of everything, had it not been that the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the gentle Sidi Mohammed Dgheis, had begun to spot the writing on the crumbling wall. To wit: If the Yankee ships could fight their way into their harbor, despite all the Dey's attempts to sink them or keep them out, if they could then sow destruction at their leisure, then depart without losing a ship, *what next?*

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Mohammed Dgheis considered it carefully. When he had, he went to the *Dey*, and discreetly suggested that it might be time to consider a peace treaty with the United States.

Again, all might have come to nothing, had not Commodore Preble, after receiving Bainbridge's report, decided that another visit to the *Dey's* harbor was in order. Accordingly, he gathered his ships and sailed in as before.

There was no hesitation and no discussion on the part of the *Dey*, this time. Trembling so badly that he was unable to hide it, he joined his family and nobles in the bombproof shelter. Somewhere outside he could hear his own palace taking a terrible beating from the American cannon, and it is reasonable to assume that he did a bit of thinking about his minister's proposition.

Upon retirement of the American squadron, some hours later, the *Dey* emerged to inspect his battered palace, town and defenses. He noted with dismay that not one American vessel had been sunk by his guns, which, conversely, were scattered and blown all over the place. After his inspection tour he ordered his minister to have Captain Bainbridge brought before him.

"Does your country wish to be at peace with mine?" asked the *Bashaw* arrogantly, having somewhat regained his composure.

"She wishes nothing more ardently, your majesty," Bainbridge replied gallantly.

"Good! These are my generous terms for America's surrender," replied the monarch, handing them to the American.

Bainbridge looked at them. The whole business was ridiculous. He could not suppress a smile as he

handed them back. "With your majesty's permission, I shall return to my quarters now!" Then he turned, without bowing, and walked out.

On Commodore Preble's third trip, shortly afterwards, the mere sight of the squadron's sail on the horizon sent the terrified *Bashaw* racing for shelter and with him, hundreds of his stout defenders, including the gunners at the fortification walls overlooking the bay. The Americans watching from their prison windows saw the Tripolitan deserting their batteries by the hundreds, and a mixture of laughter and cheering went up, which must have reached the fleet.

The Americans, as usual, sailed into the harbor placidly, waited for the first cannon fire to reach them, then proceeded to blast huge chunks out of the *Bashaw's* proud ramparts and navy. An additional treat, this time, was the surprise introduction of fire-ships into the midst of the Tripolitan fleet. Soon, in the height of the bright African afternoon, higher and brighter flames were turning the harbor into a roaring inferno. One American fire-ship, manned by a volunteer crew of one officer and 10 men, was boarded by over 200 Tripolitan sailors. At the height of the fight which followed, the powder kegs aboard were somehow lit, and 211 men were hurled to a bloody, if glorious death, landing in pieces all over the harbor.

When the Americans withdrew, there was little doubt but that their next attack might well carry them into the *Bashaw's* livingroom, if Commodore Preble wished it. Moreover, the *Bashaw*, too, had learned to read the writing on walls. . . .

Where wise ministers, determined captains and helpful Danish consuls are involved, strange things have a

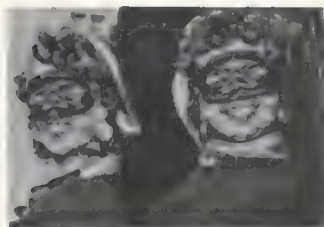
way of happening. The next American ship to make its appearance outside the bay of Tripoli was one bearing, of all people, Colonel Lear, Consul-General for the entire Barbary Coast. This gentleman, by some further coincidence, came fully empowered to enact a peace with the *Bashaw*.

But there was pride to be considered. When Sidi Mohammed Dgheis suggested that the one man honest, intelligent and fair enough to get the best terms for Tripoli would be none other than the *Bashaw's* personal thorn-in-the-side, Captain Bainbridge, the *Dey* almost choked with indignation. Thrust Bainbridge aboard an American ship? Insanity! Impossible! They'd never see him again!

Even when the entire crew of the *Philadelphia* pledged itself, in writing, to suffer any punishment the *Bashaw* might decree if their captain abandoned them, the answer was still No! Never!

Then the faithful Sidi came forward once more: "Oh, exalted Ruler!" he said. "I pledge thee my own young son, my dearest possession, take and do with him what you will, if Captain Bainbridge fails to return." In the face of such an offer, the *Bashaw* was forced to relent. Captain Bainbridge, recalling the oath he had sworn to himself the day of his imprisonment, was rowed out to meet with Colonel Lear, and to arrange for a peace between the United States and Tripoli. The once arrogant *Bashaw* was now at America's feet, cringing and defeated. The pirate menace was over. Bainbridge and his men had been sent out to do a difficult task, and they had done it—even while behind the enemy's bars! Now it was all over. They were going home again!

END



U.S. HIGHWAY HOT-SPOTS

(Continued from page 21)

wisteria bounded, mixed blooded New Orleans has more of everything than any other town this free lancer has ever visited. The women, to put it blandly, are understanding, hospitable, amiable and fun loving—all of them without exception. Love-making customs are flamboyant and, as one might conclude, nobody's ashamed of responding to instincts. It was way back in the year 1618 that the Vieux Carre, the French Quarter, became known to

the New World as the place for love and lusting.

Well, the old homestead hasn't changed yet.

Not only are there the usual night runners available, but also good girls (as opposed to the pay-as-you-go kind) looking for a friendly evening, companionship, kind words and loving. This is strictly in keeping with the town that has become the enduring symbol of play and pleasure in United States. There's only one like it. It's startling at first, but after a while it ceases to come as a shock.

On the good side of the tracks, from Audubon Park and Jackson Square, to the wrong side, Vieux Carre—with its Bourbon Street and Rue Royale and ribald stripperies. Citizens of New Orleans hold out their unique *laissez faire* moral code as a catchall for the visiting fireman.

And it sure catches.

What is terribly striking to the average traveler is bumping into this attitude first hand. Having toured such canneries as Market of Frisco, Scollay of Boston, the Loop of Chicago—and

the farther flung free-wheelers a la Caymanera, Port Lauryote, Casablanca—sin itself never knocked me off my feet. But in the U.S., well, let's face it, things are different. The one real throwback to the genuine Renaissance high living is New Orleans—and it hits you from all angles.

There was, for instance, a lovely young, black-eyed wench who sold typewriter ribbons in a big supply house on J— Street. It was a business morning, a Monday and sort of cool. The girl smiled pleasantly and I decided that the weather was as good as anything to open a conversation.

"I heard it was hot down here," I said without trying to sound witty, or giving my words any double meaning. "I should've brought my gloves to type in."

"It's hot down here," she laughed. "And you really don't need any gloves—"

"I'm a stranger. Nothing worse than being a stranger in town, miss—"

"Janet. If you pick me up after work," Janet smiled, "I'd be happy to

show you the city of New Orleans."

"I'm on a limited budget."

"Who wants money?" she said in that injured tone. "A few drinks, some jazz—all right?"

The date was fine. Janet wanted drinks, some jazz, some passion. This was a decent, highly acceptable girl of the city. This living doll, a sophisticate of 23, could have gone out with anyone. Janet even offered to make dinner in her little apartment, but a man can tread on "hospitality" only so far.

I left the next morning.

Janet left before me. She put a pot of coffee on the stove and a little note on the kitchen table. "Call me, darling," it read. "Wonderful, wonderful night. Thanks..."

Man's faith in womanhood is reaffirmed by such full blooded treatment. Who needs European women? No coy preliminaries the night before. No extravagant financial gifts. My brunette was every bit as anxious to explore a relationship as I was. Our next date was set for the following night and I plunged into my article. I was still working when Janet appeared at my front door.

"I got to thinking how you'd only be in town a few days," she grinned. "The company owes me the time. Let's spend it together..."

"I'd like to, honestly," I lied. "But after tonight I've got to shove..."

What I really meant was that after tonight, I had to do some "research" elsewhere, newer horizons. And, unhappily, I did. I didn't get back to Janet for a few days, following her visit to my motel.

There's that other side to New Orleans where the average girl just wouldn't think of going. The Vieux Carre—strictly strippers and harlots, the bloody bucket where the famed pirate Lafitte and his original company of swashbucklers gathered back in the city's swaddling days. This is the real passion pit where anything goes; where the Creoles, the prototype jazz, the panderers, the crib joints flourish in unabashed openness. Of all ages, girls of America's Pigalle make themselves available—mostly for a fee.

Mardi Gras begins the week preceding Shrove Tuesday when every Orleansian almost without exception cuts loose in an excess of orgiastic activity. At the French Quarter, however, there are 52 weeks in the year and nobody's got the patience to sweat out the other 51. All hell breaks loose every night in the week.

"And why not?" Iberia Mayor Viator replied in answer to sex in his parish. "A restricted red light district certainly does operate in the quarter."

"Prostitution has been going on since the world began. I'm not going out and look for it—" snapped Sheriff Mrs. Gilbert Ozenne, repeating almost verbatim her rebuttal to a Grand Jury prostitution charge in her parish.

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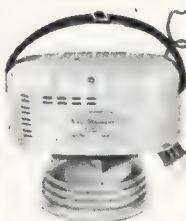
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but to veterans of the bump and grind factories with their lousy liquor and frequently diseased night ladies, that's life, brother. Like it or lump it, nobody's about to change the Vieux Carre. Well, on this end nobody seems to be trying to. All we were looking for was a story.

At one of Storeyville's most popular jazz joints, we met Helen C., a wealthy, 35-year-old blonde buff who responded delightfully to an invitation to a drink.

The conversation worked around to jazz. "Up north, you hear the big brass—the Basies, Ellingtons, Hawkinses," Helen sipped her whisky sour. "Here we get it in smaller doses, combos. I like it small. You like it?"

"Best there is, isn't it?"

"You don't have to try," Helen laughed huskily. "I'd like to take you home with me—hear my records. Some are classics."

"I can well imagine," I said right out.

Here was a woman, mature, wealthy and more than agreeable to an impromptu affair. To an Easterner, a New Englander, this might damned well be shocking. To Helen C., whose liveried chauffeur waited outside, this was standard operating procedure. By another word, hospitality.

It's everywhere in New Orleans.

By daylight a tour of the French Quarter leads along narrow streets, lined with two and three-story buildings of French-Spanish architecture. There are patios seen through the porte-cochères. Not all the women are as blatantly hungry as Helen C. and, as if you were getting a glimpse of the old world and its techniques, the passing highwayman can frequently blunder into a charming-type liaison.

There was, for example, the chance meeting with Mademoiselle Denise. Looking like she stepped out of a

French novel, this lithe, feather-cut brunette of 19 was window shopping in the French Market the second time she looked my way. The first time she was coming out of one of those lattice-work homes in the Quarter.

"You're following me," Denise said.

"I admit it. You're quite beautiful."

"Don't follow me," Denise smiled, "Walk with me. Do you swim?"

"Only when absolutely necessary," I studied her expression.

"I love to swim," Denise smiled.

"It's absolutely necessary then," I offered my arm and she took it. For the next 36 hours Denise was my constant companion. It was from her that I learned of the French woman's hostility to criticism from what she called "the world without."

"People don't understand or ever want to understand our morals," she said. "Here if a girl wants a man she says so. This is called craven. I've slept with many men and for many reasons, but I consider myself a decent woman. You find that hard to understand?"

"By certain standards, yes," I answered. "By others, no."

"Then let me explain," Denise said. "In the islands of the Pacific, the people are uninhibited. That is, they are taught from the very beginning that sex is beautiful—that the more one loves, the more beautiful one becomes. Well, here it's the same."

"I see," I said vaguely.

"You don't, really!" Denise laughed, pulling off her dress and plunging into a secluded cove off the Gulf Stream. I followed her in. Later, she explained that only when one makes love for money is it considered immoral.

New Orleans is quaint, Galic and full of gall. And without a doubt there's nothing like it anywhere else along U.S. highways. There are rougher sin cities, to be sure. But

there are none quite as open or as frankly charming as this morally unique port on the Gulf.

The Mardi Gras has long been considered a degrading exhibition of riotous debauchery. Yet, for all the whistle blowing and all the tirades against the week of festivities, why hasn't anybody put a stop to it? That's a question the citizens love to throw back in the critics teeth.

"Take what happened in '52," chuckled a barkeep sardonically. "We really came under fire that year. Grand Jury, morals boards—hell, man, they threw the book at us. Heading up one drive was a Mrs. P—. This was a good looking broad, but the loudest voice of indignation anywhere in town."

"This night in comes a doll in a diamond mask and skintight gold dress. She takes on ten men upstairs, mind you," he grinned, "before yelling her heart is banging and please give her some air. The last guy yanked off her mask. You can guess the rest—"

The journeyman reporter hears a lot of stories in four weeks, all of which apparently add up to one undeniable fact: in New Orleans nobody really wants things changed. It may be smart politics to drive the whores out every so often (particularly election years), but let things settle down and the status quo returns damn quick.

And in the other parts of town, there are the nice girls, the Janets who make breakfast for you—the girls just hungering for companionship and aren't one bit ashamed to say they are. They're everywhere. From the chambermaids in a Route 90 motel to the pillars of propriety around Lake Pontchartrain.

I say again, old man Johnny Mercer wrote a good song about the wrong road. He'd have gotten his kicks, and then some, in ribald New Orleans. **END**



SEX OFFENDER

(Continued from page 15)

rounded up all the known sex psychopaths who might even remotely be the man they sought. The lineup was a big one, and included police dressed in plain clothes (as a precaution against any mistake in identification) as well as men suspected of having committed felonies. The little girl was warned to be very careful of her identification, and not to attempt to make

one if she wasn't absolutely sure of it.

The men were viewed in groups of six and eight. None of the questioning so much as hinted that a sex psychopath was sought. Little Cathy merely glanced at most of the men before shaking her head. She had, of course, no idea of the significance of what was going on; every effort was being made to protect her emotionally. Several of the sex psychopaths had passed before her when she suddenly gripped her mother's arm. "That's him, Mummy!" she whispered urgently. "That's him!"

Now the mother was trembling violently. An instant before, she had no human object upon which to focus her pent-up loathing, rage and hatred, but now it all centered upon the man Cathy had pointed out. "That's the man!" the mother screamed. "That's the man who touched my little girl!"

Scenes like the above happen all-too-infrequently in police stations across the U. S., largely because of

the reluctance of parents to "expose" their molested children to questioning by detectives or a hearing behind closed doors. This reluctance explains why many sex offenders go on for years, committing "minor crime after crime" until they finally explode in a violent outburst that makes everybody ask, "Why didn't somebody report them before?"

It should be emphasized that failure to report seemingly minor sex crimes is, in the words of F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover, a "major stumbling block" in the way of controlling sex offenders. Many people have the erroneous idea that "minor sex offenders are regarded as unimportant and the police would rather not be bothered." At this point it cannot be overemphasized that every sex crime, no matter how small it may seem at the time, should be reported.

While it is not true that the "minor sex criminal" (such as the child molester, the exhibitionist, and the

"Peeping Tom") always graduates to more violent sex offenses, he does in enough instances so that his potential threat can never be underestimated. As Mr. Hoover warns, don't "laugh off" these offenders. Furthermore, even in seemingly "harmless" sex offenses there is very often a shock to the child's psychological makeup which may last for life. *There is no such creature as a harmless sex offender.*

It is no secret that since the end of WW II sex crimes of every nature have been increasing with frightening rapidity. Rapes, for instance, have increased three-fold and as far back as 1951 the F.B.I. warned that unless legislation covering sex crimes was strengthened we might expect "record numbers of rapes." Today, projecting F.B.I. statistics gathered from more than 1,000 U. S. cities, a sex criminal is arrested every 10 minutes.

Also, sex crimes committed by the young are at an all-time high. In 15 years the total number of rapists under the age of 20 has approximately doubled and youths between 18 and 20 commit more rapes than any other age group.

At least one sex crime against a child is recorded on a police docket somewhere in the U.S. every day in the year. Bearing in mind that the vast majority of sex offenses against children are not even known to the parents, or at least not reported to the police by them, the magnitude of this slimy scourge is obvious.

How is the sex criminal detected, or at least suspected, at an early stage in his development, before he has an opportunity to commit crimes of violence against anyone? According to police authorities, the developing sex criminal "invariably furnishes the community with ample evidence of his abnormal tendencies before he commits a crime of violence."

Let us examine a few case histories and see how this pattern works.

In Chicago, a 21-year-old laborer, married and the father of two small children, had a reputation for assaulting girls who resisted his advances. He finally hacked an 18-year-old girl to death with a hatchet after she spurned him.

In Williamstown, N. Y., a youth of 17 was arrested for molesting a boy of 11. Convicted of sodomy, he was confined to a mental institution for three years, then paroled. Three years after his release, he lured an eight-year-old girl into an alley, attacked her sexually and, after she began to scream, stabbed her to death with a kitchen knife. His explanation for the killing was that he wanted to "keep her quiet."

At age 20 a mentally subnormal youth who was unable to carry on an ordinary conversation raped a girl of nine. He served six months in the workhouse for this offense. Subsequent offenses for which he was convicted and served time included assaulting another girl at knifepoint, criminally

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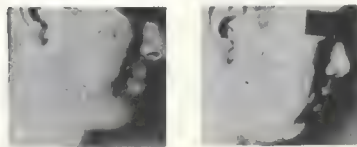
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attacking and beating still another, and enticing two six-year-old girls into his car and assaulting one of them.

At the age of 31, a pervert who had a long record of molesting children was taken into custody for molesting a 12-year-old newsboy several times. His doting mother got his one-year sentence suspended and placed him in a private mental institution. Released a short time later, he promptly molested another boy and was placed in a different mental institution. How long he'll stay there is anybody's guess.

Incidentally, many sex murderers do not violate their victims. In Pittsburgh, for instance, a sex psychopath stabbed a 12-year-old girl 36 times with a paring knife, yet the girl's body showed no sign of sexual molestation. In such cases tremendous rage against the female (and sometimes the male) sex is obvious. These butchering sex killers are very frequently either totally impotent or of low sex drive, which may account for their immense and frustrated frenzy when they do become violent.

Homosexuality, too, is frequently accompanied by tremendous hatred of the victim, for the homosexual knows that he is incapable of normal sex expression and is frustrated and sometimes driven to explosive fury by the fact.

Sometimes fetishism is apparent. Fetishism is the substitution of a sex symbol for the living object of normal affection. Very often such a person collects articles of feminine apparel, such as undergarments which he fondles as a substitute for the living female.

Practically all of the offenders mentioned earlier had records of arrests, convictions, imprisonment or confinement in a mental institution (the latter fairly rare), and swift release on parole. Why is this state of affairs allowed to exist in our wealthy nation?

Part of the answer is that we are incredibly stingy in matters that do not, as we think, immediately and directly affect us. Our jails and prisons are bulging at the seams, and frequently we have to turn dangerous persons loose simply because there isn't room for newcomers. Our mental institutions, too, are overcrowded or exist only in paper planning.

Also, the grim truth is that, due largely to shortages in funds, manpower and equipment, sex criminals are just not being detected and apprehended, sentenced, imprisoned or confined to mental institutions.

Killing is the gravest of the sex felonies, yet seven of every 10 sex killers have appeared before the courts previously on charges of having committed sexual offenses. This despite the fact that, according to many authorities, the "first time" sex offender should be "quarantined" without eligibility for parole until his condition is cured—even though in some instances this may mean for life.

We have some evidence on how difficult it is to imprison and quar-

antine the sex offender. In New York City, for instance, 3,295 persons were indicted for sex offenses over a recent 10-year period. Sixty-five percent of these were acquitted or were allowed to plead guilty to misdemeanors. Only 35 percent were convicted of sex felonies.

Again projecting F.B.I. statistics, it is probable that on a nationwide basis less than 50 percent of those brought to trial for rape are convicted, the rest being convicted on lesser charges or acquitted. *The average convicted rapist serves less than three years in any sort of institution.*

In Omaha, the Parent-Teachers Association with the cooperation of the police studied the "squeal sheets" or actual reports of sex crimes against children covering a two-year period. About 300 reports were studied. It was found that the prosecutor's office lacked sufficient manpower to follow up these cases, that many sex offenders were not charged with sexual offenses, and that due to delays or continuances many cases were dropped. Yet in one instance, a man had been arrested three times inside of six weeks on charges of child molestation, each time putting up a small bond to free himself and go on his way.

From the above it is apparent that many sex criminals are loose in our midst, awaiting their most favorable opportunity to strike again. We know from bitter experience that punishment alone is no deterrent to these deviates, that only prolonged medical and psychiatric care can cure them. We also know that adequate and sufficient facilities for this sort of program are far in the future. In the meantime, what can we do to protect our own children, today and tomorrow?

Perhaps the best capsule advice to children on how to protect themselves against possible molesters was given recently by Dr. Alice Sowers, Director of the Family Life Institute of the University of Oklahoma. It is:

"Any stranger who asks you to go anywhere with him—be polite but firm; say 'No.'"

"Any stranger who invites your friends to go with him—write down the license number of the stranger's car. No pencil handy? Scratch with a stone on the pavement or in the dust.

"Any stranger who tries to join you in games—be polite, but say 'No.' If he insists, report him.

"Any stranger who talks to you, offers you candy or toys, invites you to get into a car with him, or bothers you in any way—report him at once to the first older person you see."

Other advice, selected from various sources including some of the child-protection "comic books" that are now being put out by various police departments, includes:

Never go with a stranger who says, "Your mother sent me to get you" (This is a favorite come-on of child molesters. Parents should emphasize

to their children that, even in emergency, they will never send a stranger to get them.)

Whenever possible, travel to and from school with other children and avoid short-cuts through alleys, empty lots, and so on. Always report home immediately after school. If you go out to play again, play only where your parents have given you permission to. If you have to come home alone after dark, be sure some adult or older child you know accompanies you.

And here's a hint for older children, such as teen-agers. Avoid lonely trysting places like "Lovers' Lanes." They are favorite hunting-grounds for sexual psychopaths.

Psychiatrists stress that advice like the above should be given in such a manner as to alert but not unduly alarm the child. There is a difference between a serious warning, such as against crossing the street except after taking due precautions, and scaring the child out of his wits. In particular, it is not necessary to go into the gory details of what a "sex maniac" might do to a child, which is what too many parents do. In fact, sex need not be mentioned as such, because very young children have only the faintest conception of it. Thus psychiatrist Margaretta K. Bowers makes a comparison with warning children of possibly rabid dogs when she advises:

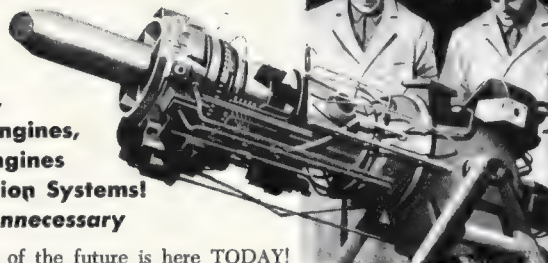
"Children must be told that there are people with distorted behavior which is cruel. Youngsters can be brought up to love dogs and still understand that some dogs have rabies and that you don't go up and pet a strange dog."

There is another point along the same lines that deserves great emphasis. This concerns parental attitude after a child has been molested. Very often mothers are likely to wail hysterically, "Oh, my little girl has been soiled for life; she'll never grow up to be a decent woman!" and all that sort of rot. Actually, in very few cases when children are molested but the parents treat the situation calmly and sympathetically is there an aftermath of "sex trauma" such as frigidity, hatred of men, lesbianism or male homosexuality. On the other hand, the parents of a molested child who reveal great emotional upset can make that child "so fearful of sex that when she grows up she'll unconsciously avoid men..."

There is another very important reason for parents taking this whole problem of child molestation calmly, at least in the presence of their children. A child who is frightened that he (or she) will be unfairly scolded and punished following a molestation that is of course no fault of the child is very likely to conceal the incident from his parents, with the result that another sex offense goes undetected. Under all circumstances, children should feel that they can confide in their parents—and that requires the gentle sympathy of the parents when

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the children are frightened and emotionally distressed.

Finally, there is a great deal that adults can do when a "sex-crime wave" strikes. One of the most important is to report to the police immediately all molestations, or attempted molestations. For that matter, *they should report all such offenses, however minor and isolated, whenever they occur.*

Another is to be on the lookout for persons who behave suspiciously — men who loiter around schoolyards, play areas, etc., and report them. Quite a few innocent persons may be picked up for questioning, but that's better than having another child victimized as the result of negligence.

Finally if a sex crime is committed against a child, parents can see to it that the case is prosecuted to the end and not allowed to lapse because of

passage of time. It takes a complainant — and generally a persistent one — to put a sex criminal behind the bars of a prison or institution for the criminal psychopath.

And in the long run, as Mr. Hoover points out we need most "an aroused and vigilant public opinion" working constantly for better sex-criminal legislation and the provision of greatly increased facilities "for the treatment of sexually abnormal persons."

There we have it. The war against the sex criminal is unceasing, and all normal, decent adults can participate in it. Bear that in mind if you wish to protect your daughter, son, niece, nephew, or any other child from becoming a victim of a sex psychopath. Also bear in mind that sex crimes against children stand today at an all-time high — and tomorrow it will be still higher. **END**



THE BATHTUB THAT WON THE WAR

(Continued from page 39)

But the will, the character, the spirit of the individual — these control the hand. More than ever, in the war for the minds of men, moral character, will, spirit, are important. As a serviceman thinketh, so is he."

With that last sentence, the Advisory Committee tips off America's secret weapon: the *thinking* of our GIs and officers. For nowhere in history have there been soldiers or armies who can cope with the American serviceman when it comes to inventiveness, ingenuity, resourcefulness, adaptability and spur-of-the-moment enterprise.

From the time Revolutionary soldiers used Indian techniques in the War for Independence and changed the technique of war forever, right through to Korea, the American soldier has shown he can devise more punches and counter-punches, mechanical or psychological, than any soldier in the world. He is himself, and not just the inventors, tacticians and intelligence men behind him, an imaginative genius. And that is the secret weapon that the American Army, Navy, Marines and Air Force has and will always carry into every battle in the future.

When the U.S. First Army hit the beaches of Normandy in the invasion of Europe in 1944 they blasted and slugged their way inland, pushing the Krauts back until they reached St. Lô. There the Germans dug themselves in

behind hedgerows which, for a time, seemed impenetrable. They were tough natural obstacles: centuries-old mounds of earth and stone out of which grew great hedges and trees, whose roots toughened the hard earth.

Our tanks stormed ahead, to try to hurdle the barriers, but as their thin-skinned underbellies rose over the crests, Kraut anti-tank shells blasted them into steel pyres. The hedgerows, and the Germans, held. Something had to be done.

The solution to the problem came from a GI, Sgt. Curtis G. Gulin, of Cranford, N. J. Gulin got the idea that some kind of attachment, with teeth to dig into the earth-barriers and hold the nose of the tank down, would do the trick. He drew a sketch of his innovation, showed it to Capt. James Depew and Capt. Stephen Litton, and they got to work to construct one with whatever scrap they could find lying around.

It was the Krauts who unwittingly supplied the necessary material. Back on the beaches they had left anti-tank barriers called tetra-hydrals, and Gulin latched onto these. With his men he redesigned them, attached them to the tank, tested it on a revetment to find that it worked, then demonstrated the pilot model for his commander, Gen. Omar Bradley.

Bradley O.K.'d it instantly, and in the next 49-hour period 500 tanks of the 2nd and 3rd Armored were equipped with the gadget. Within a week Ordnance had equipped the majority of tanks, and a day or so later Bradley launched his attack to break out of the beachhead.

Then the new "weapon," dubbed the "Rhino" by its GI inventor, roared by the hundreds toward the hedgerows, hit them and clawed their way over, keeping the noses down so anti-tank shells bounced off their tough frontal armor. The tanks kept grinding ahead to bury terrified Krauts in their foxholes and rip a huge hole in the German lines in a tremendous assault that became known as the "St. Lô Breakthrough."

This was GI ingenuity at its most dramatic, complete with the irony of turning the enemy's equipment to our advantage!

It isn't always that way, of course, though there are other instances in which impromptu inventions have turned the tide of battle in our favor. But just as morale and safety factors alone, the devices our soldiers have dreamed up and manufactured out of scrap have been invaluable.

When our men fought in the filth of New Guinea and Burma, where cleanliness was their chief weapon against disease, our GIs built, out of spare engine parts, steel drums, bits and pieces of wrecked enemy vehicles, washing machines and launderettes to keep their clothes free of germs and lice. There was probably no unit in the tropics in which some enterprising GI hadn't devised some kind of fan, or a unit in the sub-arctic or cold temperate zones where an inventive soldier hadn't fashioned a commercial-typewriter stove.

As a soldier who served with the British forces through a large part of World War II, this writer knows at first hand that there was no similar ingenuity among British troops or among the Germans and Italians whose positions we over-ran.

It has been stated by objective military experts that the Germans are the best-disciplined soldiers in the world, that the Gurkhas are the stealthiest and the Japs the most suicidal. It's perhaps a toss-up as to which are the best all-round fighting-men—until you start weighing the imponderables. Then you've got to give it to the Yanks, who always seem able to come up with some unpredictable ace-in-the-hole, never thought of before the moment at hand, which can tilt the balance their way.

Who would have thought that a fuel drum, filled with 90 percent crude oil and 10 percent gasoline, could be turned into a secret weapon to win a battle in Korea? Not the Turks or the British or the Greeks, or any of the other United Nations' troops. But a bunch of beleaguered GIs did, and along with another "secret weapon," they made it pay off with a victory.

The Reds were giving Col. Mike Michaelis' Wolfhound Regiment hell as they tried to cling to a strategic hill in the face of ten-to-one odds. The Commies attacked by night, with bugles blowing wildly, in surge after bloody surge. The black night was their ally because they ignored their losses.

Then a GI came up with an idea to make day out of night and give the Wolfhounds some targets to shoot at. He thought of the fuel-drum idea, referring to it with good-natured scorn as the "GI Atom Bomb." The idea was simple; fill the drums, set them off, and roll them down the hill. At the same time another GI came up with a plan to counteract the effect of the bugles. He suggested that ambulance sirens be hooked up to jeeps, which



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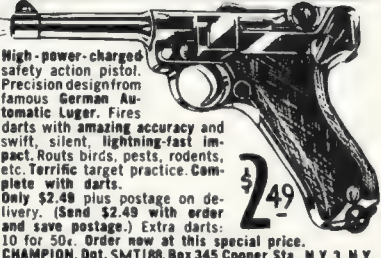
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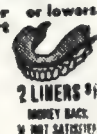
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would then be scattered around the terrain. And when the Gooks attacked at night, the drums would roll and the sirens would scream.

And that's the way it worked. When the Commies charged that night the darkness was suddenly illuminated by the burning drums, making the Reds easy targets, and the scream of the scattered sirens rose above the sound of the bugles and struck terror into the Chinese hordes. They saw their comrades fall, ripped and bloody, as the Wolfhound marksmen picked them off. They stopped, wavered, then broke off the attack and ran back down the hill.

A year later, in another part of Korea, a unit of GIs was being slowly cut to pieces by a vastly superior number of Reds. The Red commander figured he had them at his mercy; any time he was ready to come in for the kill. It was a matter of numbers. There were few GIs left, but their commander decided to pretend they had more.

And so a couple of mechanically-minded GIs staked out a number of machine guns, added rifles and BARs, and wired them all to be triggered by remote control. When the Gooks moved in, figuring to wipe out what they thought was a handful of men, they were met with a spread of fire which confused the enemy into thinking the Americans had been reinforced during the night. The Red commander played it cautious, then, and the Yanks were able to hold out until actual reinforcements did arrive.

It wasn't only among the ground forces that such enterprise was born. An Air Force sergeant, almost falling out of a bomb-bay in an effort to dislodge a bomb from a faulty release, was shocked into conceiving a spur-of-the-moment device which eliminated the chronic fault and was adopted by the Air Force in all bombers.

But perhaps the most dramatic invention came as the result of a snafu that threatened to keep our jet fighters from getting into the air to wipe out the MIG threat. To be more exact, although the jets would have been able to take off, the air strips were too short to permit them to land again without cracking up at the end of the runways.

The runways couldn't be lengthened because of the mountainous terrain surrounding the fields. The problem was kicked around until an airman came up with an idea: a man-made barrier, like a gigantic tennis net, to check the jets when they reached the end of the runway.

Yeah, but what were they supposed to use to create the necessary give? Make it out of rubber bands? The airman mulled that one over, and the next day he was back. In a nearby town he had seen a couple of anchor chains from a Jap battleship wrecked on those shores during World War II. His idea was to hook the chains to the ends of the net, which would be raised on standards, and lay the chains

back along the sides of the strip in the direction from which the plane came.

It sounded good. A huge net was made of nylon, and a practical test was made. A jet landed, roared to the end of the runway, and hit the net. With gentle force the net yielded, the anchor-chains tumbling and rumbling as they dragged in the earth, and the jet was brought to a gradual stop. The fighter squadrons were quickly back in business!

This genius for quick improvisation saves time, red-tape, and money. Every month the Navy magazine, *All Hands*, lists inventions and adaptations created by enlisted men, often with an approximation of how much money is saved by them. An AFC designs a jet engine electrical analyzer which the Navy estimates will save \$5,000 a year; a warrant officer develops a new method of teaching typing, saving thousands annually; a Marine Corps sergeant in Korea creates desperately needed litter covers for 'copper-borne wounded by zippering and otherwise adapting rotor-blade covers; a Marine in the stockade in Japan designs a new type of pistol which is quickly adopted; an Annapolis midshipman comes up with a ram-jet theory which is revolutionary; a Navy POW emerges from clink with the answer to a problem in rocket design which has stymied scientists for months.

Navy enlisted men, who are paid the standard rate of one dollar for their inventions, came up with such devices as the secret for mothballing ships, the Tiny Tim rocket-launcher, the automatic aircraft turret, mine-sweeping paravanes, electrically-lighted suits for carrier signal officers, emergency arresting gear for carrier planes, and thousands of other inventions which have saved taxpayers millions of dollars as well as countless lives.

The saving of their comrades' lives has been as much an incentive to ingenious GIs as the destruction of the enemy. For example, one of the really hazardous jobs in any war is the laying of telephone lines. Significantly, GIs have come up with at least three separate and distinct casualty-preventing methods for laying wire, all of which have been used in battle in Korea with success.

First, was the air-borne wire-layer, accomplished by means of a rotating dispenser attached to the wing of an L-19, which spooled out the wire as it sped over the terrain. The second, an M-43 tank, modified with a plow-hook to reach outpost positions with wire it buried 10 inches deep and covered up again in a single operation. And the third, a 3.6 rocket launcher with wire attached to a missile to be shot across terrain which is under fire.

The circumstances and conditions under which some of these inventions are dreamed up are incredible. Not only in battle do the inspirations strike, but in some of the most rugged climatic conditions, from feverish

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equatorial heat to frigid arctic cold. Only a couple of years ago a Grumman SA-16, taking a party of scientists to a project site on the Greenland ice-cap, landed and was unable to take off due to a faulty engine. Despite Air Force urging to abandon the craft and be evacuated by helicopter, the skipper, with his equally determined crew, swore they'd get the amphib off by their own efforts.

It was sub-zero weather, the altitude of the ice-cap 7000 feet, and winds roared across the snow at speeds up to 100 miles an hour. They had no machine tools, yet, working minutes at a time because of the cold and rare air, they repaired the engine with a spare part they fashioned themselves. They spent days tramping out a take-off strip only to have a blizzard hit one night and wipe it out of existence.

The aircraft was frozen in; they rocked it loose. They tested the engines, stamped out another strip and found they didn't have enough power for a take-off. They tried their two-bottle JATO to assist take-off, but that didn't work either. Finally, the skipper and mechanic designed a four bracket job, had more JATO bottles paraded to them, and got ready for another try.

They did everything over again, stamping out the field, rocking the craft loose from the ice, affixing the JATO bottles on the newly-contrived bracket. And then, after 35 days on the ice-cap, they took off—and made it back to Thule.

Ingenuity and persistence had paid off!

Inasmuch as resourcefulness and invention are inspirational, they are unpredictable; you never can tell where or when they will occur. But, somehow, American military leaders are sure that know-how will show up. The savvy of American kids with machinery, their competitive spirit, their unregimented way of life, plus an education which doesn't hamper the imagination—these are the things which foster ingenuity. These are the tools with which the GI works when the blue chips are down and necessity demands an invention.

And it is this ingenuity, this inventiveness, adaptability, and enterprise, which makes our GI the greatest soldier in the world. No brain-washing can rob him of the secret of his future capabilities, nor can torture wring from him his as yet undreamed of inspirations. In the face of defeat, the GI will continue to come up with surprises which will turn the tide of battle.

That old bit of doggerel that teaches: "For want of a nail, the horse was lost," and goes on until "the battle was lost," would never have been thought of in the day of the GI. With his ingenuity, the chances are he'd have come up with a reasonable working model of a horse.

It's a cinch, too, he'd never have permitted the battle to be lost. END

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RENEGADE!

(Continued from page 11)

about him, Simon Girty, renegade, was supposed to have stretched his long frame on the green Virginia grass and then rested his head on the lap of an Indian maid. In this manner, the story has it, sadistic Simon Girty watched Col. William Crawford, his mortal enemy, burn to a char.

According to the same legend, Simon Girty was capable of anything. Perhaps he was. But between legend and truth the facts would indicate that Girty, for reasons of his own, had some legitimate grievances against the world. Conceivably, they're true.

In any event, Simon Girty was born in what is now Dauphin County, Pa., in January, 1744. The premature death of his father was due to bad whiskey and worse gunmanship.

In 1756, the Senecas thundered down on the hill settlement where the Girty family lived, killed his mother and kidnapped Simon. He was given the tribal name, Katepacomen, and for reasons best known to the Senecas, raised as an Indian. In 1764, under conditions of the treaty closing the Pontiac War, Simon Girty was given back to the whites. He was then 20 years old and, according to those who repossessed him, so saturated in Indian depravity as to pass as one. He settled on Girty's Run near the city of Pittsburgh, but violent events of the day conspired against him and soon, through no fault of his own, Girty was up to his neck in bloodshed.

"Girty, you savvy the injun," an Army officer at Fort Pitt grabbed him one day. "How about joining up with us and fighting Dunmore and his Senecas?"

"I'll fight Dunmore," Girty was credited with saying. "But why would I want to kill Senecas—they raised me better than my own kin!"

A man is sometimes hung because of his own words, and that's what happened in the case of Simon Girty. Having been raised by Indians, he felt a deep sense of loyalty to the red man. In all likelihood the Senecas treated him as one of their own, and this he doubtless remembered.

"I'll fight the British," he repeated, "but the Indians are your own damned problem..."

It was at this critical juncture in U.S. history that Girty and Crawford had their run in. Crawford had two daughters, both unmarried and both singularly attractive. Either girl would have done nicely as far as Simon was

concerned, for as yet he wasn't in any warring mood. His chief interest in life was Girty's Run, hunting and finding the right girl—or two. He was a tall, rawboned, loose-limbed man who wore buckskins and rode horses bareback like the Indians. This wasn't nearly good enough for a Crawford girl and Girty was laughed out of Fort Pitt.

"Next time we meet, see who laughs!" Girty told Colonel Crawford. He was standing in the center of the Pitt stockade, surrounded by soldiers. Crawford's girls snickered at what their father called "the half injin who stinks like a savage and behaves like one!"

For a few months Girty remained with the Continental Army as a scout, but in April, 1777, he suddenly defected to the British. But even they couldn't handle him. Fighting independently, or with separate bands of Indians, bitter Girty wreaked havoc and hell along the Ohio, Pennsylvania and Virginia frontiers, killing settlers Indian-fashion. In four years of fighting, Simon Girty earned a reputation of which he perversely was proud: *Renegade*.

He lived and killed by the knife. Wherever there was an American outpost, Girty dressed in buckskins and with a knife locked in his jaws, eventually found his way in at the head of a scalping party. At Bryant's Station, Ky., his band of 40 Wyandottes was repulsed but Girty crawled off into the bush, sole survivor of the expedition. Wounded twice, it was several months before his next raid. He then attacked Bryant's Station again and when he left the second time he carried 12 scalps on his lance. This was Simon Girty, self-confessed savage, who lived for the day that he'd find Crawford. A year later, when he did capture the colonel, Girty burned him alive at the stake.

In 1783 Girty settled near Detroit which was then in British hands. From that vantage point, he continued to lead Indian raids on American outposts. Pretty Catharine Malott, daughter of a settler family, was a Girty victim. Riding at the head of a large war party, Simon Girty swooped down in typical bloody fashion and massacred all whites but the girl.

Whether she detested Girty or loved him, Catharine Malott cared enough about life to see it his way. A British chaplain married them and in due time she bore him the first of several children. Around Detroit, they said Catharine Malott was as bad as Girty; it hardly seems charitable to say they were right—but maybe they were. She rode with Girty many times.

The atrocity stories attributed to Simon Girty may, in part, be right too. Before he joined with the British and Indians on the attack on Fort Jefferson, Girty claimed more than 50 American and Indian scalps in his tent. He added quite a few more in 1791 when he led the Indian brigades against Maj. Gen. Arthur St. Clair's Northwest Territory troops. One of

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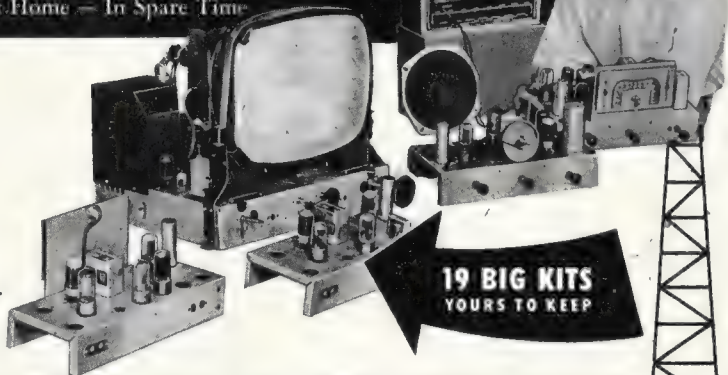
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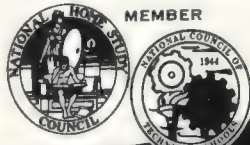
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the few survivors reported that a white man leading the Indians "was switching a big sickle knife and lifting off scalps. Then he drank the blood and danced!"

Of course, so much is tripe and so much is truth. That he was involved in the defeat of St. Clair is a matter of historical fact, but Simon Girty, regardless of the stories weaved about him, never drank blood. "Didn't like it when I was with the Senecas," Girty confided to a prisoner. "Don't like it now—"

In 1796 when Detroit was ceded to the United States under the terms of the Jay Treaty, Girty escaped with his family to Canada and continued raiding the frontier from there. In 1812 again, Simon Girty saw action but ultimately retreated to Canada.

But the big question which has never been answered is: *What made Simon Girty tick?*

For years, historians have been trying to figure it out. Stories of his savagery were greatly exaggerated, yet in some cases they were not. If anything, they were too gruesome to be told as they'd happened.

There are three theories concerning Girty's hatred of whites:

First, Girty was disgusted with white civilization at an early age—the drunkenness of his father and the immorality of his mother. "I was glad when the Indians raped and scalped her," Girty said.

Second theory was that Girty was offended by the appointment of a younger man over him when he originally volunteered his services before the Revolutionary War, and he never forgot the slight. Nor that other insult—the one by Colonel Crawford.

Third, his run-in with General Lewis of the British Dunmore Expedition. Oddly, he didn't *redefect* to the U.S. when struck by Lewis' riding crop. This was at a time when he had just deserted to the British and he needed some sanctuary in a storm. All Girty wanted was some pay which he hadn't gotten in several months; instead he got a blow across the temple.

If ever a white man became an Indian, or reverted to Indian ways, it was Simon Girty. His hatred of the British was almost as intense as his hatred of Americans, but he figured the British were the lesser of two evils. Therefore he remained with them.

The execution of Col. William Crawford ordered by Girty and carried out by his Wyandotte Indians, fixed the renegade's name firmly in the revenge-lusting mind of every settler and soldier. From his standpoint, burning Crawford at the stake was Indian justice and he considered himself an Indian. Which, in effect, he assuredly was. Who else but a savage would torture a man to death simply because of a marriage refusal and some bad-taste ridicule. Only an Indian—more properly, a savage!

Thus branded, Simon Girty made his way in life—a dubious way at best.

History doesn't speak of Girty as being a paranoiac, but assuredly he was. His hatred of the white man bordered on the insane. British or American, he didn't care, and perhaps that, too, weighed heavily on his mind. "Had it been up to me," Girty wrote in 1818, the year of his death. "I would've scalped them all..."

This may have been more of his mumbo-jumbo, for even in those days people were aware of certain benefits of being a big name. Oddly, at Fort Malden, people who came to know Girty saw a striking disparity between the stories told about him and the man-in-the-flesh.

"He may have been a renegade," wrote Henry Wright in the *Detroit News* on June 6, 1882, and "he may have been vengeful, treacherous, murderous—but there were other facets to the man that people forget." This was written 10 years after the burning of Colonel Crawford.

"When scout Kenton of Colonel Bowman's war party against the Indians on the Miami, 1778, was caught by the redmen," Henry Wright continued, "Simon Girty offered his own life in exchange for Kenton's. He pleaded so convincingly for the life of the enemy scout that the Wyandottes freed the man. The public knew not this side of Simon Girty..."

Probably the one thing most responsible for dispelling the legend surrounding Girty was the testimony by a then 93-year-old woman, Mrs. Iris McCormick. This is what she had to say shortly after Girty's death:

"He was a man when I was a child. I was a prisoner of the Indians. I was present in the Wyandotte camp when Girty had Crawford burned at the stake—only it wasn't that way at all! Simon begged the Indians for Crawford's life. He offered the chief his own horse and a stock of goods.

"No, Simon Girty," he was told, "if you were to stand in his place it would not save him." I heard this myself. Others heard it too—there were other captives I saw the redskins cut off Colonel Crawford's ears as he burned. Girty had no gun, and when Crawford begged that Girty shoot him, it could not be done..."

William Harell called him a "curious mixture of many things. He frequently rode about Fort Malden on horseback, carrying a tomahawk. Nobody ever knew positively that he used it, though he did, I suppose. He had many scalps on his lance. Oddly, he was a pleasant man..."

As with other men, shrouded in legend, there are far too many conflicting stories about Simon Girty to clearly see a true one. Doubtless he was present at the burning of Colonel Crawford, but if the word of other survivors of that day is to be taken for anything, "Simon Girty had precious little to do with the burning."

Renegade he was, though. His hatred for the Americans was matched only by the dislike he later developed for the British—but as Girty himself

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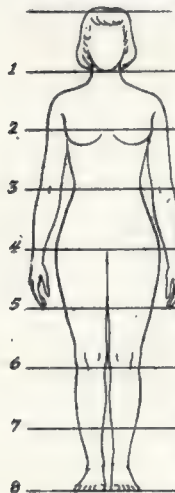
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confessed years later, "I had to have some place to go...!"

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The cold truth remains that he quit the Americans for the British; he killed both Americans and British; and he thought more of the redmen than he did of his own people.



JOE YORK AND THE RIVER RAT

(Continued from page 29)

for me to sit up and finish my beer, not Joe York! He crooked a pair of hairy hands under my armpits and yanked me up. Then he pointed far ahead in the marshy grass and I saw it clearly, a long dark pelted animal that looked like a mink.

"Fancy!" Joe laughed happily. "Well, my woman's been saying how she'd like a fur piece. C'mon, Langdon, move your butt!"

Joe jumped out of the boat then and began pushing us off. He took the bow, readying the brace of nine foot spears as I leaned into the oars. We were doing fine then, and I could hear Joe chuckling delightedly as he coiled the line on the deck between himself and my rowing seat.

"How's our progress?" I wheezed. "Can I look?"

"Sure, boy! See? There he goes—he's seen us! Look—he's cutting across the lower end of the swale heading for the water!"

As I rowed, Joe kept telling me which way and how fast. I really put everything into it, and the skiff fairly flew across the water. I was sweating hard, feeling the beer and sun, when Joe tapped my shoulder after a couple of minutes and whispered, "Slow down, Langdon. You're getting close. I don't want him to dive on us."

"O.K." I wheezed, easing slightly on the oars and not ungrateful for it. I hadn't worked so hard in years. I felt like my back muscles were separating from my spinal column, and my arms like lead.

"Forty yards, Langdon," Joe called softly. "I'll be getting ready now. Steady as you go."

I could hear him fumbling with the

"They were my people," Girty told a chronicler of his bloody days on the Virginia frontier. "My mother was a tart, my father a drunkard—why shouldn't I have liked Indians? They were the only parents I knew..."

All things equal, Simon Girty had a long and bloody life. He died in Canada at the age of 74; his two sons and their sons were present when he died. There were a number of shrunk-en, leathery scalps in his house, but nobody could tell whether they were white or Indian. And by then Girty didn't care. **END**

gig. I gave him seven good strokes and he gasped, "Hard right, Langdon! He's turning!"

The skiff trembled as Joe shot the long splinter of death at the evasive fisher. I couldn't see a damned thing but I knew from the way he heaved the gig, it was different and desperate and not at all the way he generally handled a spear.

"Damn! Pull ahead—missed the sonuvabitch!"

I pulled hard on the oars with everything I had and Joe heaved the second gig. Then, abruptly, I heard his shout and I stopped rowing.

"Got him! Got him, Langdon! Back-water!"

I looked over the side at the molten black surface of the river and saw the fisher rolling over on his back, the spear protruding from his neck. I saw his eyes, twin flames of green, and his teeth gnashing and snapping at the thing that had impaled him. Then he dove.

Just then, I looked around in time to hear Joe scream and see his wildly flailing arms as the line coiled around his left foot, smashing him against the gunnel, pulling him swiftly over the side. I thought I was dreaming because Joe was the kind of guy who never muffed anything he did. But now it was different—all his misses caught up with him at once.

"My leg! Langdon! He's pulling me under," he screamed, flailing at the line and doubling under. "Lang—"

I didn't bother with a knife. I figured I could handle a 30 pound water rat barehanded and still slip Joe's leg out of the coil. But I figured wrong.

My friend's usually unerring aim was first revealed to me many years before at Guadalcanal. He had one of the finest throwing arms in the Corps. He'd lob a grenade and it went where he intended it to go—and it stayed there. He was quite a guy back in those days.

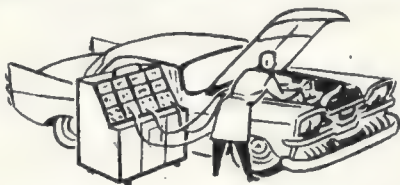
I met Joe on 'Canal, of all places. I think that's funny. Two guys from Biloxi, Miss., and they've got to travel halfway to hell and gone to say hello for the first time. But that's the way it was with us, and we got to be fast friends. We had lots of things in common besides Japs.

Anyway, a couple of million years

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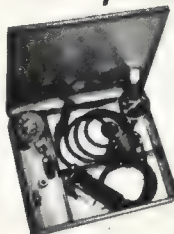
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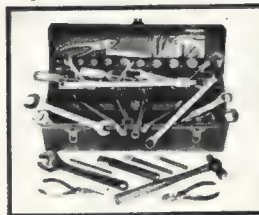
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later, Joe and I were civilians again and we continued seeing each other. Being married and with children, neither of us could just up and take off on a catfish gigging expedition any old time we pleased, but we did manage a few junkies now and then.

Joe was quite a guy in the wilderness, too. You take that fisher, for instance. First of all, market hunters wiped out the breed at the turn of the century down our way. Only a man who'd been around, therefore, would know that there even was such an animal to begin with. But Joe did. Unlike me, he'd trekked the marshes from Utah to British Columbia, over on the Canadian side. That boy knew all kinds of animals.

I didn't know much about anything, I confess. The range of my prewar travel was Alabama and Louisiana, and seeing how I worked six days a week for a living, I was lucky as hell to have gotten even that far from home. Anyway, that's how it was with me and Joe—just a couple of guys around 28 who formed a friendship during the war and made it last.

Joe was the guy got me interested in gigging catfish. In fact, the whole damned rig was his. I mean the *River Queen* and the spears and all the other junk he had aboard. All I supplied was the muscle power and the beer, but, all things considered, it was a pretty fair arrangement. We got some damned fine catfish once in a while.

That Sunday morning, though, there really wasn't much point in nosing around trying to gig the cats. Too much sunlight in the wrong places, and not enough in the right ones. You really need gray, overcast days for gigging, but like I said before, Joe and I used any old excuse to get away for a day.

Now and then, of course, we'd have to go out and bag a few 30 pounders. I mean you could string women along so far—after that you had to produce. Well, when you've speared one catfish, you've speared 'em all. They're big, from 15 to 30 pounds, and they fight like hell on the end of a long splinter with a steel barb in the nose. That's all I really knew about gigging—just the occasional catfish. My experience, I'm afraid, was extremely lim-

ited. I went overboard after Joe without a knife when the fact is, I should have brought a whole mess of them...

For a moment, I could see only my friend's flailing body. Then a small, dark blur dipped beneath me and the wooden shaft smacked me along the leg. I ducked under and grabbed it but it pulled away. Now the fisher was diving and Joe's body was being pulled into the depths. I went down, too.

Desperately, I kept grabbing at the taut rope arcing down into the warm, opaque depths, and I had enough of it now to find Joe's body. He was still thrashing wildly as I jerked on the line and found his leg. I couldn't see anything so I simply followed the line to its knotted coil and shoved my hands in, pulling.

Then the fisher attacked me. I'd almost gotten Joe free when I felt the line go slack. I thought for a moment that the fisher was dead—I had Joe and 20 yards of loose line, and I thought it was a cinch. Hot, searing pains suddenly raked my stomach as a furry body suddenly attached itself to me, head burrowing hard, teeth grinding in. I slammed both hands into the body and pushed it off. I was out of breath, my lungs almost bursting for need of air. I needed a moment before I could fight again.

I was sure by this time that Joe had recovered sufficiently to help himself. Hungrily I gulped the surface air, my head spinning wildly from the shock of seeing my own blood darkening the water. But I didn't start down until I'd twisted around and saw the boat too far behind me to do any good. It was a decision I had to make then, and I made it. A second could mean Joe's life, so I dove under the water, again figuring I could save him with my bare hands. And again I was wrong.

The first thing I felt was Joe's limp body, almost floating 20 feet under the surface, the fisher apparently hugging the bottom beneath him. My hand touched his open mouth. Terrified, I began pulling but I couldn't budge him.

I doubled over and ran my hand along his ankle and tugged desperately on the line. And I had it free. Then

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Here's everything a boy and girl ever dreamed of—Tractors, Cars, Trucks, Space Ships, Circus Animals, Farm Animals, Railroad Engines and Cars, Soldiers, Cowboys and Indians, Tanks, Bazookas, Cruisers, Tanks, Artillery, Farm Equipment, Heavy Road Equipment, Jets, Bombers, Rockets, etc.

NOT AVAILABLE IN STORES

True, TWO DIMENSIONAL reproductions of expensive toys. Each toy stands up on its own base. Up to 1 1/2" high and 2 3/4" long.

Limit — 5 sets to a customer.

BREA TOY MFG., Dept. 1302

114 East 32 Street, New York 16, New York

BREA TOY MFG., Dept. 1302

114 East 32 Street, New York 16, New York

Dear Sirs: Please rush me _____ sets of
GIANT TOY COLLECTION @ \$1.00 per set.

I enclose \$ _____ ☐ Check ☐ Cash
(Sorry no C.O.D.'s) ☐ Money Order

Name _____

Address _____

something slammed up against my thighs and the blunt, snapping jaws of the fisher rammed up into my stomach again, furiously, so that I panicked and backwatered and tried to reach the surface.

But the fisher wanted me now and I couldn't get away. He kept boring in, raking my chest and legs. *My God! I'm going to drown, too!* I thought, as his teeth clamped on my wrist. I couldn't see the fisher but he was all over me and I didn't need to see him. I could feel the wild, burning pains in my wrist as he chewed his way up my arm. My head was pounding with desperation, panic and loss of air. My hand touched the wooden shaft protruding from his neck and with all my remaining strength, I rammed it in.

Very slowly, the fisher's thrashing body began to slow its attack. It still held on, though, and twice when I burst to the surface I could not rip it off my arm to swim away.

I thrashed endlessly on the surface, but the sheer dogged weight and tenacity of the beast bore me down and the battle resumed in the darkness again. I had only one defense left—the gig, and I kept on shoving it into his neck, deeper and deeper, so that it was all the way through for several feet by the time my gashed arm became numb.

Finally, I grabbed a fold of fur beneath the fisher's writhing neck with my left hand and squeezed, pinching the jugular vein. *Die, damn it! You're supposed to die!* I screamed in my brain, but the thing only squirmed out of my grasp and brushed against my face. Then it twisted and the gig shaft cracked against my skull and the lights went out suddenly.

I burst to the surface and lay there, screaming, trying to fight down the waves on nausea and unconsciousness. Then, somehow, I managed to float to the boat and pull my arms out of the water long enough to grip the anchor warp, the bow, the end of my world.

An hour later, I dragged the boat into a cove. After lying there for a few minutes, I finally got to my feet and, stumbling, made my way onto the highway. The first car that saw me stopped. The second was a Highway Patrolman, but he bypassed me in favor of Joe York. I'd told my story to the first motorist and then collapsed right on the road. That last hour didn't mean much to me in terms of pain or remorse. I was out of my mind. I just babbled like a frightened child, crying for Joe and crying for myself when I saw the pool of blood pumping out of my body onto the highway.

The officer and some men brought Joe back. It took a while, though. Couple of days before he came up. He and that fisher, together. That's funny, too. All the time I kept babbling to them that I'd gotten Joe free—at least I'd gotten him free. I don't know what happened to the fisher, nor do I care. But I suppose somebody skinned him out for a fur piece like my dead friend had in mind. **END**

25¢ JUST TO HELP COVER SHIPPING EXPENSES OF THIS FREE 30 DAYS SUPPLY OF VITAMINS

A SUPER HIGH-POTENCY TONIC KAPP*
Containing 36 Minerals, Enzymes,
Lipotropic Factors and Important Nutrients

Each Dr. Parker® Vitalizing Tonic Kapp Includes 36 essential ingredients among which are Vitamins A, D, B₁, B₆, C, B₂, B₁₂, and 29 other minerals and nutritional factors!



NOW — see for yourself — absolutely free — what a complete Super High-Potency Vitamin Formula can do for you! Discover

how Dr. Parker's amazing Vitalizing Tonic Kapps may help you regain your youthful vigor and zest for living... radiate a wonderful new glow of inner health and vitality—as they have done for thousands of others!

Just fill in and mail the shipping label below, and we will send you a FREE 30-day supply of famous Dr. Parker's Vitalizing Tonic Kapps — the most complete type of vitamin-mineral protection we can offer — a Time-Tested Formula brought to you by a company that has been distributing quality products for over a century!

how Dr. Parker's Vitalizing Tonic Kapps May Help You — Even When Other Vitamin Products Have Failed!

If you feel tired and run-down... if you think you're growing old before your time... if you don't have the vigor you once had, your condition may be due to a common, easily corrected dietary vitamin and mineral deficiency.

Perhaps you don't know what to do about your condition. Or maybe you

have tried ordinary vitamin compounds and food supplements which didn't seem to help you. If so, you may well be amazed at the difference between Dr. Parker's Super High-Potency Kapps and other products. Dr. Parker's Kapps contain not 10 — not 25 — but 36 — yes, thirty-six important ingredients including vitamins, minerals, lipotropic and other nutritional factors.

In addition, Dr. Parker's Vitalizing Tonic Kapps contain these important factors in super quantities! Each Kapp gives you more than 3 times the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamins A and D; more than 10 times the minimum daily requirement of Vitamin B₁; Vitamin B₆; the amazing "Red" Vitamin B₁₂; Folic Acid; Inositol and Choline to aid fat metabolism — PLUS 28 others listed elsewhere on this page.

It's no wonder, then, that if you're tired, run-down condition is due to vitamin-mineral or other nutritional deficiency, Dr. Parker's Vitalizing Tonic Kapps can probably do more to bring you new pep and energy — a glorious new "lease on life" — than any other vitamin preparation you have tried.

THE PLAN THAT SAVES YOU 50% OF YOUR VITAMIN DOLLARS!

Mail the shipping label today and we will promptly send you a free 30-day

IMPORTANT: A FREE 30-day supply of TONIC KAPPS will be sent only to those who have never before accepted this introductory offer, and only one trial supply will be sent to each family.



Dr. Parker® Super High-Potency Vitalizing Tonic Kapps have helped thousands find new pep, energy and vitality where other vitamin products failed!

WHY DR. PARKER® KAPPS MAY HELP YOU — EVEN IF OTHER VITAMIN PREPARATIONS HAVE FAILED.

These 36 vital ingredients have helped thousands feel younger, happier, free of worry and weariness. Just one vitalizing tonic Kapp a day supplies you with following important nutritional elements.

1. Vitamin A	12,500 U.S.P. Units	20. Cobalt	0.04 Mc.
2. Vitamin D	1,250 U.S.P. Units	21. Iron	30 Mc.
3. Vitamin B ₁	10 Mc.	22. Copper	0.45 Mc.
4. Vitamin B ₂	5 Mc.	23. Manganese	0.5 Mc.
5. Vitamin C	75 Mc.	24. Molybdenum	0.1 Mc.
6. Vitamin B ₆	0.5 Mc.	25. Iodine	0.1 Mc.
7. Vitamin B ₁₂	5 Mc.	26. Potassium	5 Mc.
8. Folic Acid	0.5 Mc.	27. Zinc	0.5 Mc.
9. Inositol	25 Mc.	28. Magnesium	3 Mc.
10. Choline	25 Mc.	29. Alfalfa Powder	5 Mc.
11. Methionine	25 Mc.	30. Waterbury	5 Mc.
12. Nicotinamide	75 Mc.	31. Parsley	5 Mc.
13. Calcium	75 Mc.	32. Zinc Powder	5 Mc.
14. Panthothene	5 Mc.	33. Soy Bean	5 Mc.
15. Lemon	12 U.S.P.	34. Kelp Powder	5 Mc.
16. Biotin	5 Mc.	35. Whole	5 Mc.
17. Vitamin K	1 Mc.	36. Dried	10 Mc.
18. Rutin	20 Mc.	Dehydrated	
19. Citrated	45 Mc.	Coffee	
20. Ascorbic	10 Mc.	Enzyme	
21. Ascorbic	10 Mc.	Enzyme	

supply of Dr. Parker's Vitalizing Tonic Kapps — worth over \$10.00 at retail. Along with your free Kapps, we will send you full details on how to get the most out of the famous Dr. Parker Health Plan that provides you each month with all the FRESH vitamins, minerals, enzymes, lipotropic and nutritional factors listed on this page for only \$4.75 per month — a saving of more than 50%! But you are under no obligation to buy any vitamins from us now or ever, and you need not participate in this Plan unless you care to. Remember, however, that the Dr. Parker Health Plan can help you provide an easy, economical way to keep your

body supplied — ON A REGULAR SCHEDULE — with all the vitamins and minerals it needs!

HOW THE DR. PARKER PLAN OPERATES TO SAVE YOU MONEY

When you receive your free 30-day supply of Kapps, you are under no obligation to buy anything. With your Kapps you will also receive a handy postcard. If after taking your free Kapps for three weeks you are not satisfied in every way, simply return the postcard and that will end the matter. Otherwise, it's up to us — you don't have to do a thing — and we will see that you get your monthly supplies of vitamins on time for as long as you wish, at the low, money-saving price of only \$4.75 per month.

For Your FREE THIRTY-DAY Vitamin Supply Mail the Shipping Label Today

See for yourself as soon as possible how much better Dr. Parker's Vitalizing Tonic Kapps may make you feel. You owe it to yourself to find out if they can help you, like they have already helped thousands before you to restore that wonderful feeling of PEP and VITALITY you'd like to have... help bring back the YOUTHFUL VIGOR and STRENGTH you need to make your life richer and happier! Mail the shipping label TODAY for your free 30-day supply. After your KAPPS arrive, and after you have had a chance to try them, you can decide on the basis of RESULTS whether you wish to continue to enjoy the benefits and tremendous savings offered by the Dr. Parker Health Plan. But you must hurry. The supply of Dr. Parker's Kapps that we can give away on this special offer is necessarily limited, so we urge you to ACT AT ONCE. Fill in the shipping label and mail it TODAY!

*KAPPS are a form of tablet smoothly coated and specially shaped for easy swallowing.

DR. PARKER® MEDICINE CO.
Time-Tested Products since 1891
(A Division of Nutritional Quality Controls, Inc.)
507 West 56th Street, New York 19, N.Y.
© 1957 Nutritional Quality Controls, Inc.

DR. PARKER MEDICINE CO., 8th Floor,
507 West 56th St., New York 19, N.Y.
Yes, I accept your generous offer to try
FREE the benefits that I may obtain from the
Dr. Parker Health Plan.

Please send me my FREE 30-day supply of
super-potency Dr. Parker Vitalizing Tonic
Kapps at once to the address which I have
indicated on the attached shipping label.
INITIAL YOUR I enclose 25c for
O.K. HERE..... packing and postage

IN CANADA: 223 Church St., Toronto 2, Ont., (Canadian Formula adjusted to local conditions.)

SHIPPING LABEL

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT)
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....



If now employed:

you can profitably operate in spare time and build a permanent full-time business.

- World-wide Service
- No Shop Needed
- Personal Training
- Local Assistance

If you have longed for the prestige and financial independence of YOUR OWN business, you can now realize this desire... if you can qualify for a Duraclean dealership. We are now enlarging this 26-year-old chain of independently-owned service dealerships which has rapidly grown to a world-wide service. You must, however, be reliable, honest,

diligent, and able to make a small investment in a business which we will locally assist you in establishing... a profession for which we will personally and quickly train you. If needed we will help finance you. We want to assure your success. A Duraclean dealer will train and assist you. He'll reveal his successful plan of building customers. He will work with you. This business

is easy to learn... quickly established.

This is a sound, lifetime business that grows from REPEAT ORDERS and customer RECOMMENDATIONS. Alert dealers can gross an hourly profit of \$5.00 on own service plus \$3.00 on EACH serviceman at National Price Guide charges. The coupon below brings full details.

You OWN a Growing, Lifetime Business!

Personally Trained to Expertly Revive, Clean and Preserve Carpets, Rugs, Upholstery... without removing from home

You Become An Expert... Grossing \$5.00 Hourly

As a Duraclean dealer, you learn a profession... the proper care of furniture and floor coverings. Duraclean dealers are recognized as specialists in home furnishings maintenance. Large homes, hotels and institutions may rely upon them to periodically check their carpets, rugs, upholstery, draperies, etc., to keep them attractive, sanitary, and to prolong their life. They are called upon by furniture and department stores to help solve customer problems.

You have the prestige, independence and financial security of YOUR OWN business. You receive the full return from your efforts... with the opportunity to steadily increase the income for your family month after month and year after year without waiting for a raise. You have the satisfaction of rendering a real service of the highest quality to the people of your community.

Almost every building houses a customer needing one or both services. Furniture stores, department stores, interior decorators, upholsterers and carpet stores develop Duraclean and Duraproofing jobs from their customers. Auto dealers have used cars Duracleaned and take orders from their customers.

Duraclean dealers enjoy unusual profit on both materials and labor—after paying servicemen and salesmen. Some have shops or offices... others operate from their home with no overhead expense. No experience is needed. We show you 27 ways to bring customers to you.

We Help You Grow... AFTER Established

Our MUTUAL COOPERATION program gives you many unique and continuous advantages: National Advertising in Life, McCall's, House & Garden, and many others. Copyright and trademark protection. Certificate which approves equipment and materials. Product Insurance. Six-year Warranty. Pocket Demonstrators. Sales Book. Advertising Folders & Cards. Tested Ads. Ad Cuts & Mats. Store Display Cards. Radio & TV Musical Commercials. Home Show Display Booth. Publicity Program gets FREE local newspaper stories. Prizes. Laboratory research and development. Duragram bulletins. Resale Service. Annual Conventions. Behind all this is a Headquarters interested in YOUR personal success.

What Dealers Say

R. N. Ritter: Seldom go under \$300.00 per week by myself.

W. L. Jones: Would rather get a Duragram bulletin than a letter from a friend.

F. N. Lange: Enjoyed Convention. Your staff seems to want nothing more from life than to help guys like me get a good business going.

G. F. Munroe: I give full time to estimating and supervising. We average \$9.00 hourly income per man, but one man today produced \$118.00.

Q. Hutchins: Duraclean gang is a swell bunch... happy to be one of them.

T. Komori (Japan): Have 1,000,000 yen contract Duracleaning for U. S. Army.

W. Satterfield: Duracleaned chair for largest department store. Got order for 80 to 75 chairs, couches & divanets.

Q. Corbett (Canada): Several hundred \$\$\$ in jobs lined up from canvassing.

W. Lockiebill: We've had 30 years of pleasant dealing. I'm 68 but am setting my sights for 20 more years.



No Scrubbing... Absorption Removes Dirt Like Magic

Duraclean's growth to a world-wide service resulted from customer convenience plus its many superiorities over ordinary cleaning. Housewives, clubs, hotels, offices and institutions deeply appreciate not having furnishings out of use for days and weeks.

They are thrilled when they see their upholstery and floor coverings cleaned with a new consideration for its life and beauty. Duraclean doesn't merely clean... it restores natural lubrication to wool and other animal fibers. Colors revive. The re-enlivened rug and carpet pile again stand erect and even.

An aerated foam created by the electric Foamovator (left) vanishes dirt, grease and many unsightly spots... without scrubbing. Customers tell friends how Duraclean has eliminated the customary soaking, shrinking and breaking of fibers from harsh machine scrubbing... how the mild, quick acting foam, lightly applied, provides safety from color runs and roughened fabric they have previously experienced... how fabrics look fresher, brighter and look cleaner... how convenient it is not to have furnishings gone.

They appreciate the courteous, personalized service of Duraclean craftsmen. Such service is NEWS... and it spreads to friends and neighbors. Customers become your best salesmen.

Stop Moth and Beetle Damage

DURAPROOF® (illustrated right) is another year 'round service rendered right in the home, office or institution—without removing furnishings, it protects carpets, upholstery, furs, clothing, piano-felts and auto interiors from damage by moths or carpet beetles. U. S. Government says, "Moths are present in practically every household... No section of the country seems free from infestations."

DURAPROOF kills moths and carpet beetles... it makes materials repellent to both. DURAPROOF is backed by an International 6-YEAR WARRANTY.



FREE BOOKLET... Send for It

Our first letter and 16 page illustrated booklet will explain everything—the two modern, urgently needed services, waiting market, how business grows, your large profit, easy terms and PROTECTED territory.

EASY TERMS: A moderate payment establishes your own business. Pay balance from sales. We furnish electric machines, folders, store cards, introduction slips, sales book, demonstrators and enough material to return your TOTAL investment. You can have your business operating in a very few days. Mail coupon today while you can still get a dealership in your location.

Duraclean Co. 8-323 Duraclean Bldg. Deerfield, Ill.

"OWN a Business" Coupon

Duraclean Co. 8-323 Duraclean Building, Deerfield, Illinois

Without obligation to me send FREE booklet and letter giving full details. Tell me how I may OWN a growing business built upon satisfied customers.

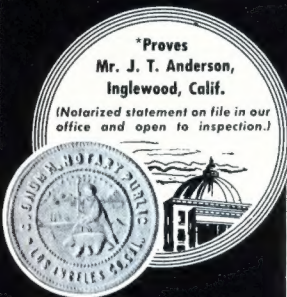
Name

Address

City State

New **PROFIT-PROVEN*** Home-Business!

"I make \$400.00 a week!"



and **READ** what others are saying about Screen Print

"My first attempt at Screen Printing netted me \$40.00." J.R., Canada

"I would not take \$1000 for it right now. Just what I have been searching the world over for." C.I., Nevada

"Wonderful new method...made \$80.00 first week...swamped with orders." R.T., Florida

"Screen Printing is nothing less than fascinating" S.M.D., Mass.

WHAT IS SCREEN PRINT? It's a new, fascinating technique - so amazingly simple and economical it may soon revolutionize the printing industry! Imagine - after only a few short days, you may print many beautiful professional jobs for LESS THAN IT WOULD COST ON A \$5000 PRINTING PRESS!

SCREEN PRINTING IS FUN...EASY! If you like to work with your hands and make beautiful things, you'll find no Home Business that provides greater enjoyment, relaxation, and PROFIT. You'll enjoy every moment - creating beautiful printed material that may sell for really BIG MONEY!

NO EXPERIENCE OR COSTLY EQUIPMENT NEEDED! Few home businesses offer such BIG PROFITS for so little time, money or training! You don't need art ability, expensive equipment, or previous experience! You start at home with little or NO OVERHEAD. Yet you can print - almost immediately - on PAPER, GLASS, LEATHER, CLOTH - ANYTHING! Work with all colors, even the vibrant new FLUORESCENT "Glow Colors" that are in such big demand in advertising circles! It's amazing - but true!

START SPARE TIME - ON A "SHOESTRING"! Use your spare time to earn up to \$12.50 per hour, right from the start. Earn 2 IN-COMES INSTEAD OF ONE. Print in your garage, basement, spare room - anywhere! Screen Printing requires little space - won't interfere with your household set-up.

Later, when you see the TREMENDOUS PROFITS to be made, you may wish to make Screen Printing your full-time occupation. Become your own boss - make BIG MONEY! Others are doing it - why can't you?

HELP FILL THE HUGE, GROWING DEMAND! Businesses in every city, every community have learned - almost "overnight" - of the amazing quality and economy of MIRACLE Screen Printing! You save them up to 50%, on many jobs - yet you make up to 300% profit! When the word gets around people come to you - no selling necessary! Because this sensational printing discovery is so new, many Screen Printers sell exclusively by mail!

WE SUPPLY EVERYTHING YOU NEED! Every secret, enough materials to start making money almost immediately can be yours! Never before has such a wonderful "profitability" been offered to anyone desiring to start a profitable spare or full-time business of his own! We guide you every step of the way with our Personal Counseling Service & Home Business Plan... explain how we have helped others, and how we can help you, too! All the CONFIDENTIAL, money-making facts are yours if you MAIL COUPON to day - while there's still time for you to get in on the ground floor.



PRINT WITHOUT A PRINTING PRESS!

OR ANY SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

FREE!

DETAILS AND ACTUAL SAMPLES

Just Mail card below

WE PAY POSTAGE



PRINT Beautiful CLOTH, FABRICS, GLASS JARS, NOVELTIES, etc., at home!



PRINT expensive Posters, Banners, Labels, Signs, at home!



PRINT Colorful ADVERTISING DISPLAYS at home!

MIRACLE Screen Print lets you print on all surfaces, all materials—a big advantage over regular print shops. You provide a service offered only by Screen Printers - may have the entire field to yourself!

Realtors, Political Candidates, business firms, many are discovering that Screen Printing is the best answer to their needs. Be first in your area to fill the huge demand!

Stores, markets, gas stations, theaters—all businesses need eye-catching displays. Ordinary printers simply can't compete, price-wise, with Screen Printers, on many jobs!

Cut on dotted line.

FREE!

Just print your name and address on card and drop it in the mail! NO POSTAGE NECESSARY!

HERE'S WHAT YOU RECEIVE:



COMPLETE REVEALING DETAILS on this new Amazing Printing discovery. Proven **BIG-MONEY OPPORTUNITY PLAN**, Actual Authentic SAMPLES, and large illustrated "HOW-TO" BOOKLET. Rush the Business Reply card today and all this will be mailed to you.

FROM _____
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 20091 Los Angeles, Calif.

BUSINESS REPLY CARD

No Postage Stamp Necessary if Mailed in the United States

4¢ - POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY -

SCREEN PRINT CO.

15127 S. BROADWAY

LOS ANGELES 61, CALIF.

Dept. 412

WANTED over 876 Men and Women

YOU CAN QUALIFY IF: 1. You have a place in your home or someplace else in which you can do Screen-Printing. 2. If you have some spare time available. 3. If you wish to learn an amazing new process of printing that may bring you Big Profits almost overnight. 4. If you are 18 years or older. If you can answer these four questions "yes" then we want you. Rush card today!



I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN TELEVISION-RADIO

J. E. SMITH, Founder, N. R. I.

**America's Fast Growing Industry Offers
You Good Pay—Bright Future—Security**

NRI TRAINED THESE MEN



"Started to repair sets six months after enrolling. Earned \$12 to \$15 a week in spare time."—ADAM KRAMLIK, JR., Sunneystown, Pennsylvania.

"Have my own Radio-TV shop. Average about \$100 a week without advertising. NRI training my best investment."—LARRY P. MOTT, Miami, Fla.



"Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to N.R.I."—CURTIS STATH, Ft. Madison, Iowa.



"Am with WCOC. NRI course I can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-phone license exam."—JESSE W. PARKER, Meridian, Mississippi.



"By the time I graduated I had paid for my course, a car and testing equipment. Can service toughest jobs."—E. J. STREITENBERGER, New Boston, Ohio.

"Before finishing the NRI course I was employed as Studio Engineer at KMMJ. I am now announcing."—BILL DELZELL, Grand Island, Nebraska.



People look up to and depend on the Technician, more than ever before. His opportunities are great, and are increasing. Become a Technician. At home, and in your spare time, you can learn to do this interesting, satisfying work—qualify for important pay; develop confidence and skills you need to get jobs in this vast industry.

**Start Soon to Make \$10, \$15
a Week Extra Fixing Sets**

NRI students find it easy to start fixing sets for friends a few months after enrolling. Use the Tester built with parts NRI furnishes, to locate TV-Radio receiver troubles. Many who start in spare time, soon build full time TV-Radio businesses. Invest in training yourself—it pays big profits soon.

NRI Training Is Up-to-Date

NRI is America's oldest and largest home study Television-Radio school. More than 40 years' experience training men for success benefits you many ways. NRI methods are tested, proved. Successful graduates are everywhere, in small towns, big cities.

**2 FREE BOOKS
SHOW HOW
MAIL COUPON**



Technical Know-How Brings Better Pay—A stream of new electronic products is increasing job and promotion opportunities for Television-Radio Technicians. Transistor Radios, Color TV, Hi-Fi were unknown a few years ago. Guided missiles, automation, etc. would not be possible without this miracle science—Electronics.



The hundreds of TV and Radio stations on the air offer interesting jobs for Operators and Technicians.

A solid, proven field of opportunity is servicing the millions of Television and Radio sets now in use.

You Learn by Practicing with Parts NRI Sends

Clearly written, well illustrated NRI lessons teach Television-Radio-Electronic principles. Also, *without extra charge*, you get NRI kits developed especially to give actual practice with TV-Radio equipment. You build, test, experiment with actual Television-Radio receiver or broadcasting circuits; build, use, testing equipment. All equipment is yours to keep. No experience necessary; many successful NRI graduates did not finish high school. NRI has developed simplified, practical training methods. Ambitious men can get ahead fast. Mail coupon for Actual Lesson and 64-page Catalog FREE. See how you train at home to be a Technician, to get ahead.



**The Tested Way
To Better Pay!**

TV-Radio Needs Men of Action—Mail Coupon

You don't have to know anything about electricity or Radio to understand and succeed with NRI courses. You train in your own home—keep your present job while learning. Mailing the coupon can be one of the most important acts of your life. Do it now. Reasonable tuition, on low monthly payments available. Let us send you an actual lesson. Judge for yourself how easy it is to learn. A 64-page catalog gives details of opportunities and training. Address: **NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. 8BT7, Washington 16, D. C.**

Good for Both—FREE

**NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. 8BT7
Washington 16, D. C.**

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE.
(No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name Age

Address

City Zone State

ACCREDITED MEMBER NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

